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The World in Review

An American in Soviet Jails

By Arthur John Kujala

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THE GUIDE POST

ARTHUR JOHN KUJALA, who writes his own history in *An American in Soviet Jails* (p. 108), has recently returned to this country.

HERBERT LOUIS SAMUEL was created first Viscount of Mount Carmel and of Toxteth, Liverpool, in 1937, in recognition of more than forty years in British public life, from M. P. to Liberal party leader. He has been one of the most articulate exponents of his party's beliefs, and his view of *The Genesis of This War* (p. 118) is, we believe, of unquestionable importance.

BETTY WASON, who reports on *The Duce's Dilemma* (p. 124), is a special correspondent in Europe for Transradio News. She is probably the only woman who has ever ridden to the front with the German army, having—under the escort of a high-ranking officer—accompanied it in its entrance into Prague last year.

RICHARD S. LAMBERT, who writes of *Civil Liberty in Canada at War* (p. 133), is editor of *The Listener*, organ of the official British Broadcasting Company.

FRANCIS ROWSOME, author of *Dardanelles in the Baltic* (p. 146), is a New England magazine editor and writer.

MARGARET L. SUTHERLAND—*Dr. Langer, Legionnaire* (p. 159)—is a former newspaper writer who has lived in New York, Washington and Paris.

Moon-flowers by BEATRICE WASHBURN (p. 169) is the last story from the *Cornhill Magazine* which *The Living Age* will publish, for some time at least. This famous old English literary monthly has suspended publication "for the duration of the war."

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MARJORIE MCFARLAND SYLVIA KANTOR

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THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

THERE is a renewal in this country of predictions that the United States will be at war in a matter of weeks. All of these utterances are not street and over-the-fence gossip. In recent days that eventuality has been discussed over the air, in magazines; and "vox-pop" letters to the newspapers, warning of plans to involve us, have shown a substantial increase since the beginning of the year.

This crop of warnings probably has its genesis in two soils. To be blunt about it, one is public boredom in this country with a war that, promising much last September in horror and thrills, has still to provide us with any sustained melodrama. (That may be an unhappy commentary upon the state of our national and ostensibly neutral mind, but it is not fiction.) The other reason for this sudden alarm over the prospect of involvement may be a growing realization that we are, in fact, already at war, and that our neutrality is scarcely even a technical one. By the passage of our revised Neutrality Act we have enormously bolstered the Allied blockade of Germany. True, we are not sending troops to the Allies, and we have made no formal declaration of war on anybody. But we are supplying weapons, military and economic, to the Allies. Wars today are not declared by ultimatums, and food and fuel in modern war are no less potent arms than planes and trucks, all of which we are selling abroad. Only a State Department lawyer will argue that we are not a silent party to the conflict. Should London or Paris be razed in part by German bombs, it is likely that the Johnson Act would be repealed to permit loans to Britain and France, which are in default to the United States Treasury. It would be

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argued, in and out of Congress, that such repeal is cheaper than permitting other forms of aid to the Allies in the event of a sweeping German victory; and there is a good deal that is persuasive in that argument. There have recently been suggestions from responsible sources here that Britain's indebtedness to this country might be discharged by transfer to us of most of the West Indies, which we want for protection of the Panama Canal.

No one in his right mind will attempt to disprove that sentiment in the United States is very nearly a hundred per cent against intervention, excepting, of course, certain army and navy spokesmen to whom war is the attainment of their heart's desire. But we are a mercurial people, emotionally, and that fateful characteristic should not be overlooked or discounted. Our profoundest convictions can be changed and our sympathies enlisted overnight. We are a people, for example, who will embrace Prohibition ardently, and thirteen years later repeal it with even greater enthusiasm than we enacted it. Up to the time of the sinking of the *Lusitania,* in 1915, this country was by no means preponderantly sympathetic to the Allies; although Americans (together with other passengers) had been warned not to sail on that British liner, the deaths of 124 of our nationals inflamed this country, and the temper that was provoked contributed enormously to our declaration of war twenty-three months later. An example more fresh in mind of the readiness with which our sympathies are extended is Finland; millions of dollars were raised in a matter of days.

Whatever the extent of American non-interventionist sentiment, one will hesitate to say what the effect on this country would be should we read some morning that thousands of civilians had been pulverized and buried beneath collapsed walls in London and Paris.

2,600th Birthday

THE Japanese Empire this year is observing the twenty-sixth centenary of its founding by the Emperor Jimmu in 660 B.C. when, according to legend, the forebears of the present ruling house descended from Heaven and Ninigi-no-Mikoto, the grandson of the Sun Goddess, laid the foundations for the Empire, which dates about four centuries before Emperor Jimmu, meaning that Japan has some thirty centuries of known history.

Thus Japan is the world's oldest nation, and the imperial line has been kept intact from the misty days of mythology to the present, the Emperor Hirohito being the 124th ruler in an unbroken dynasty. The consanguineous unity of the Japanese, who have occupied their archipelago for so many centuries without interference from the outside world, really forms a national family, because the people have closely mixed and mingled so as to form a race purely their own. At the center of this national process of common assimilation stands the imperial family, so that "imperial" blood may be said to run in the veins of all Japanese, who have thus become kinsmen with one another, and are all descended from a common ancestor, the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu Omikami.

Twenty-six centuries is, indeed, a

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long time, and one can conceive of it only by riffling the pages of history: 120 years before the ascent of the Japanese throne by the Emperor Jimmu, the Greeks held their first Olympiad—for they also worshipped gods of Nature, like the Japanese. In 653 B.C. Egypt became independent of Assyria; Judea fell, the Persian Empire rose; Gautama Buddha was born in India, Confucius was born in China six years later (551 B.C.); Babylon fell and Rome became a republic; the Persians launched their first and second expeditions against Greece; Herodotus was born in Asia Minor and Socrates in Athens; and in 465 B.C. Athens was at the height of its glory during the Age of Pericles.

Alexander the Great started after new worlds, the Italian peninsula came under complete Roman sway and, with the fall of Carthage in 146 B.C., Greece became a Roman province. Came the birth of Julius Caesar in 100 B.C., the fall of Syria, the birth of Christ and the rise of southern Persia; Constantine the Great unified his empire, the Roman Empire was divided between East and West and the Byzantine era reached its flower; in China the Sui Dynasty brought all China under unified control for the first time in that nation's long history. England was unified in 827 A.D., Russia was founded as an Empire, and the first Crusades were begun in 1097. In 1216 came the Magna Carta, Marco Polo discovered China, then under the Yuan Dynasty. Orleans was saved by Jeanne d'Arc, the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, Columbus found America and Vasco de Gama reached India. The first circumnavigation of the world was accomplished, Queen Elizabeth ruled England; the Ch'ing, or Manchu, dynasty became supreme in China, Newton published his theory of gravitation; the American Declaration of Independence was signed; there was the French Revolution—and Bonaparte; followed quickly the American Civil War, the Franco-Prussian war; the Spanish-American war. But during most of this time—until Perry opened Japan in 1853—Nippon was a hermit among nations. And yet in those long 2,600 years Japan had created a civilization of her own, unique and cultured. And it is unfortunate that in this unenlightened year of 1940 Japan celebrates her 2,600th birthday, looking at her past glories, and yet the general world upheaval has placed this proud and ancient nation in one of the greatest wars in history.

Fractional War

NEWSPAPER and magazine editors shy away from labelling the present contretemps in Europe as a "World War," or as the "Second World War," or as "World War No. 2." Their diffidence is understandable. Thus far in the West there has been a minimum of blood and artillery thunder, and to describe the game of waiting overseas as a "world war" may seem to give it more universal importance, militarily speaking, than is accurate.

But consider figures recently published by the *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen. A total of 1,530,000,000 people are living today in countries now at war or nearly 70 per cent of the world's population. They inhabit 57,500,000 square miles, or

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more than 62 per cent of the world's total area. The territory and the numbers of men involved are substantially greater than in the World War. But if you want to be academic about it, the current situation might be labelled the Seven Tenths of the World's War; or, for the newspapers' convenience, the 70% World War.

Lord Haw Haw

LORD Haw Haw's dissertations on the iniquities of British leaders, past and present, are now familiar to English ears, and in England the gags of this top-flight propagandist in Dr. Goebbels' comedy-act sometimes fall upon receptive ears, according to the New York *Times*; at least, he is listened to because, on occasion, he is good for a laugh.

The American radio audience, until recently, had only read about the sarcasm of this renegade English subject. But in recent weeks it appears that these broadcasts from Zessen have been lengthened in wave-length to embrace North American listeners; anyone interested on this side of the Atlantic can clearly hear Lord Haw Haw's brand of dialectics via short-wave (15.200 mc. at 11:40 A.M., EST). He's certainly an improvement over German propaganda reaching this country in published form.

Correspondents in Berlin, curious over his identity, have dug up a few facts about Lord Haw Haw. (He was elevated to the peerage by the "wireless editor" of the London *Daily Telegraph*.) He is one Eric Holm, thirty-three, a South African Jew born on a farm in Cape Province, and the grandson of a rabbi. An uncle is described by the *National Review* as a surgeon prominent in Germany, to which His Lordship repaired in 1934. When the anti-Semitic movement became general (and perilous) in the Reich, he persuaded the Government of the South African Union to lend him funds to evacuate himself to Capetown. The loan was granted, Holm taught briefly in a Union school, and then returned to Germany a year ago, the debt unpaid. The British press makes a good deal of this "oversight," and perhaps legitimately; it calls him a double traitor, "a traitor to his race and to his nation." The British Broadcasting Company, which for a time rather elaborately ignored Lord Haw Haw, is now quick to counter his charges, and sometimes London announcers go after his scalp in a matter of minutes after he has made his indictments. It appears that on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the Lord of Zessen (another of his titles) is engaged vocally in sinking large sections of His Majesty's navy; on the alternate weekdays he has (1) India in revolt (2) Canada in revolt (3) Australia in revolt (4) Italy on the brink of declaring war on Britain (5) anywhere from five to twenty thousand German bombers warming up preparatory to dropping Aryan culture in 500-pound lots on London, etc. His Lordship never rests: Sundays are given over to tales, buttressed with abundant details, of charges by British cavalry upon defenceless Boers, ingratiating little essays on the Polish-Jewish antecedents of General Smuts, and suchlike fantasies. Perhaps he is most effective when quoting English writers on housing and employment conditions in their own land. Then he is often listened to in the pubs.

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Lord Haw Haw has a French colleague, one Paul Ferdonnet, likewise one of the stars of Dr. Goebbels' radio vaudeville, who broadcasts from Stuttgart. His French is described as faultless as his confrére's Oxonian English. But M. Ferdonnet provokes only ribaldry from the French public and press, and it is said his routine is not comparable to Haw Haw's. The "traitor of Stuttgart," as Paris newspapers label him, is chiefly exercised over a plot by world Jewry to kill off all Christians. Early in March, a French military tribunal condemned M. Ferdonnet to death, in absentia, as a traitor.

Future of the Balkans

ONE OF THE reforms that Germany will effect, should she win the war or should a compromise intervene based on the status quo, is an extensive de-industrialization of the Balkans from the Adriatic to the Black Sea and from Hungary to Greece. If the war is prolonged, that reform may materialize before conclusion of hostilities. Today the entire German press is engaged in a campaign of "urgent advice" to the Balkans to force its peoples back to the soil.

What the masters of Germany advise those States to do is to emulate the recent operations of Nazi economists and engineers in Poland. In the western half now occupied by Germany, almost all factories have been dismantled and plant equipment of value transported to the Reich; the workers have been impressed into groups that are little more than prison-gangs, and they are now preparing for plowing and planting in Poland or in the Reich itself, to which thousands have been exiled to take the places of German farmers and laborers now in uniform.

Germany is one of the most industrialized countries in the world, and the Reich desperately needs adjacent agrarian sources not only to feed her vast industrial machine but also to feed her population. By the exercise of force she is transforming Poland into an area devoted exclusively to the cultivation of wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes and sugar-beet. By "persuasion," Germany wants to effect the same change in the Balkans, arguing in its press that Balkan industrial installations merely duplicate —and in inferior and inefficient fashion —that which already exists in the Reich. The Balkan nations could get premium prices for agricultural products sent to Germany, it is urged, although it is not disclosed what the Reich's economists would use for money; they do say, however, that they would provide finished goods at reduced levels to those Balkan States co-operating with her in this economic form of Anschluss.

WELL, Anschluss has become a familiar word and one with ominous connotations, to say the least. The German press asserts, for example, that a sensible Rumania will demobilize her 500,000 soldiers (or 1,500,000, according to some sources) and set them to work in the fields, adding that the cost of maintaining them on the frontiers is ruinous to Bucharest, which probably is not far from the truth. The *Institut fuer Wirtschafts und Konjunkturforschung* of Vienna emphasizes the discrepancy existing in the Balkans between the

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cultivatable area and the number of people working thereon; hundreds of thousands now employed in spinning and weaving mills, machine-shops and wood-working plants should return to the soil to produce food and other products—for Germany. The truth is that, despite these Nazi representations, there is insufficient cultivatable land for the peasant populations.

These arguments, all of which have been answered with vigor in the Balkan States, might be dismissed as merely propaganda had not Germany supplied ample illustration of her technique in the acquisition of Lebensraum. First, there is "cajolery," then threats in the press, then occupation by the military. In the present case, the technique now become familiar appears to have finished with the use of "cajolery," and should now enter upon the stage of threats. We may see an acceleration in the unfolding of this process of intimidating the Balkans, since neither the temper of the Nazis nor their situation resulting from the Allied blockade is conducive to academic discussion.

Trouble in India

LOOMING largely in world news again is India. Mohandas K. Gandhi is hoping to find a way out of India's dilemma—as India was yanked into the war "against Hitlerism and for democracy" against her will, at the same time being disallowed democratic rights herself—by a verbal agreement for Indian independence at the end of the present war in Europe. Gandhi will press for a non-violence campaign in India against its masters. But Gandhi has a long fight ahead, and the Indian masses conceivably may get out of hand and the radicals lead a revolt. As an indication of what can be expected in India, factory-workers early in March were staging serious strikes in Bombay, where nearly fifty textile-mills were closed when 135,000 workers demanded a 25 per cent wage increase. The strikers, representing 90 per cent of those employed in the industry in Bombay, had been offered a 10 per cent increase, but refused and when isolated assaults were reported police reprisals were intensified.

On the other side of the country, Gandhi was booed when he made a tour of Bengal, and in Calcutta he was insulted by large groups of Hindus opposed to the Gandhi program of non-violence. Particularly incensed were the followers of Subhas Chandra Bose, Indian leftist leader, who was ousted as the president of the Indian National Congress Party last year by the aging Mahatma.

While Great Britain expects India to do its part and to fight for the preservation of the Empire which the Nazi régime has sworn to overthrow, it was made clear in a Blue Book on India that the British Government is not prepared to consider India's demand for self-government until the war is over. Last November the Congress Party in India embarked on the first stage of a non-co-operation movement, and recent developments suggest that much more serious things may be expected. A debate on India took place in the House of Commons on October 26, 1939, at which time Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Privy Seal, uttered a veiled threat in the direction of India when he said: "If it comes to this issue [non-co-operation], we should have no choice. The King-

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Emperor's Government must be carried on with efficiency, strength and justice."

To understand the background of events in India as they seem likely to unfold in the future, it must be kept in mind that Britain's total investment there is approximately $7,800,000,000, yielding an annual average return of $900,000,000. The interest collected annually on the Indian national debt is $100,000,000, and in the earlier days of the British occupancy, according to a publication of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, the country was systematically looted of its treasures—precious stones, gold and art works. Between 1800 and 1860, for example, $500,000,000 in gold, jewels and interest was taken out of the country and a famous economist once estimated that rent, dividends on capital investment, railway profits, civil and military pensions, and military taxation equals the annual income of 60,000,000 Indian workers.

The other side of the picture shows that out of a total of 375,000,000 Indians, there are 270,000,000 peasants living in 700,000 villages, while another 40,000,000 people represent the unemployed agricultural laborers. The *Halis* (slaves), who average twelve years of debt slavery, each earn fixed wages of 9 cents per year. In Bengal the total annual taxation equals 40 per cent of the total harvest value, and in 1931 the Province had 9,995,000 landless laborers, constituting 25 per cent of the total peasantry; the average annual income of an Indian worker is $13.50 as compared with $369 for a worker in England and $680 for a worker in the United States, and only 7 per cent of the population have incomes in excess of $300 per year. Wages in Bombay are the highest in India, and men get 27 cents a day, women 20 cents, and children 7 cents. In addition to the British rulers of India there are the maharajas (native princes), who number 562; and as an example of what they receive from their subjects, one may cite the income of the Nizam of Hyderabad: a paltry $50,000,000 every year.

This huge cauldron of human hopes and despairs bids fair to start seething soon, following the killing of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lieutenant Governor of Punjab. The Lieutenant Governor was mortally shot and three other Englishmen were wounded by an East Indian, at a meeting in London. Undoubtedly Britain will tighten the reigns in India and the repercussions of such a policy are unpredictable.

Although this act of violence is the work of an irresponsible individual, and at variance with the expressed opinions of Mahatma Gandhi, its importance lies in the fact that it will unquestionably unleash hates and fears in India and Britain. And this is too explosive a moment in the relationship between the mother country and her colony for any incident to be overlooked.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*"

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A United States passport did not keep him from forced-labor camps

An American in Soviet Jails

By Arthur John Kujala

(Of the Soviet system of forced labor and prison camps described by this Finnish-American victim, John P. Littlefield, American mining engineer long in Soviet Russia, writes: "The authorities have never given out figures of the total number of men and women put to forced labor; I have heard the number estimated at anywhere from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000." Ivan Solonevich, formerly a statistician for the White Sea-Baltic Canal forced-labor project, in his book Russia in Chains *estimated the total population in the concentration-camps of the USSR at not less than 5,000,000. Says the American correspondent, William Henry Chamberlin, author of* Russia's Iron Age: *"What marks Soviet terror in an age that has been full of governmental ruthlessness in many countries is the enormous number of persons affected and the vile conditions of food and housing which almost invariably prevail in places of imprisonment and exile." —The Editors.)*

AFTER two years in the labor camps of the Soviet secret police, I don't know why I'm still alive. From September 1937 to September 1939 I was in a dozen different prisons, shifted from one end of the country to the other. While working at exhausting manual labor under conditions that amounted to virtual slavery, I never had enough to eat; even in sub-arctic weather I never had a blanket to keep me warm. I lost forty-five pounds. I got out only because I am an American citizen, and because my family and the State Department kept fighting for me.

I was born in Wyoming. My father, an immigrant from Finland, was a coal miner. Eventually we moved to Massachusetts, where I worked as a truck driver. When I was twenty-four I found myself out of a job. That was in 1932, when times were hardest. A Communist agent offered me a two-year contract at 350 rubles a month as a mechanic

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with the Soviet Karelian Timber Trust, in Russia, near the border of Finland. My fare would be paid. I would have paid vacations and a seven-hour day. I was never a Communist, but this looked so good that I signed up. So did many other Finnish-Americans.

In July 1932 about 120 of us landed in Leningrad and were immediately put on a train for the north. After three days in the train we were taken in trucks 100 miles to a clearing in the virgin forest near Finland, and told we had arrived. During the next four years I had ample occasion to become disillusioned with the Land of the Workers and the promises their agent had made me. But I stayed on the job. I met an attractive Russian girl, a music teacher who spoke English, and married her, planning to take her back home with me.

Like all other foreigners in Russia I had a residence permit. Every time I reported to the police to have it renewed, the officials would try to get me to give up my American passport and apply for Soviet citizenship. In September 1937 I discovered that my passport had been taken from the bureau drawer where I kept it. I went to the police station and explained. Instead of making an attempt to find the thief, they promptly put me into a lock-up that was crowded with workmen and peasants accused of "counter-revolutionary activity."

After two weeks I was moved to another prison, where I spent almost three months crowded into one filthy cell with about 150 other prisoners, women as well as men. None of us had room to stretch out. We slept twisted and half sitting up. All we had to eat was black bread. Three times I wrote to the American Embassy in Moscow. Those letters, I found out later, never reached it. I was not allowed to communicate with my wife. She came to the prison a number of times, though I never saw her, and left clothes and tobacco which I never got.

Late in December 1937 I was questioned by three secret-police officers. It was the nearest thing to a trial I ever had and it lasted less than five minutes. They called me "counter-revolutionary" but didn't say what I was supposed to have done. Early in the morning of New Year's Day we were taken out of the cell. In the corridor stood an official who asked me if I knew how long my sentence was. I said "No." "Five years," he answered. All the prisoners were asked to sign a confession of guilt, but I refused. It wasn't until weeks later that I learned I was charged with espionage.

In the freezing darkness about a hundred of us were locked into prison box cars. I came to know these cruel rolling jails well. In 1938 I spent over two months in them, one journey

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alone lasting five weeks. There were thirty-six prisoners in each car. We had a double tier of heavy boards to sleep on. For a toilet there was only a hole in the floor. We never had a change of clothing. At the end of one of those long journeys the lice were just dropping off us. In winter the cars were always dark, the small openings near the ceiling being closed because of the cold. In warm weather only those prisoners on the top tier could look out, the rest seeing the country only as they were told about it. A small iron stove gave a little heat.

Political prisoners were in the same car with pickpockets and murderers. I heard one boast that he had cut off a man's head for the gold in his teeth and carried the head away in a basket because he had no tools for taking the gold out. Everyone was always hungry. If you dropped a crumb big enough to be seen there would be a fight for it. The prisoners gambled fiercely for bread or tobacco. They made playing-cards out of cigarette papers, using their own blood to paint diamonds and hearts. We stopped often, sometimes for days at a time on a siding or in a freight yard.

WHEN we arrived at Omsk, in Siberia, the end of my first prison journey, I was put in the city jail before being sent to a forced-labor logging camp. At the jail, for a few days, we almost got enough bread to eat, for one sick man died and the guards didn't know it. Other prisoners propped him up so that he looked lifelike, and divided his bread ration. This ruse succeeded for six days, until the air in the cell became unbearable and the corpse was taken away.

The labor camps were nightmares, all part of the great system of forced labor managed by the Soviet secret police. Like all Soviet industries, the secret police had its quota—called a "norm." Each camp had its norm, each man had his norm. Unless he did the stint set for him he got only part of his bread ration. But the regular rations were so short that we starved anyhow. This made us too weak for the heavy outdoor work required to fulfill our norm. The vicious circle went on until one became so weak that the doctors sent him to the hospital. Not more than half the men were well enough to work at any one time.

We were divided into squads. Over each squad was a head prisoner, who knew that a good record meant time off from his sentence. So he made the men sweat.

At five o'clock every morning we were awakened and after a hasty breakfast of bread and water were lined up in squads. Sometimes we had to stand there in the bitter cold for three quarters of an hour, listening to lectures and propaganda. Guards counted us as we went out, and the camp doctors stood there to spot those too weak to work. There were arguments with the guards, but the doctors—prisoners like the rest of us—usually had their way.

We were off to work at six, even in winter when it was too dark to see. Under the driving of our squad leaders, and with insufficient food, the heavy lumbering was torturous. I saw men who had cut off fingers so they wouldn't have to work, and came near doing it myself. My job was to get the logs out after they were cut, rolling them to the river to await the

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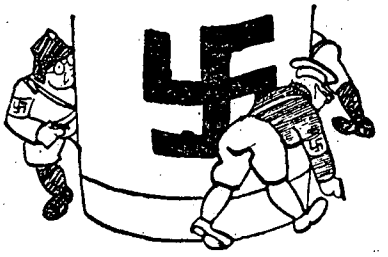
thaw. We had to sleep in the clothes we worked in. There were no blankets. As everything we didn't watch was stolen, men slept with their few belongings in a sack under their heads. Once in a while at night I would see a prisoner sneak over, quietly slit open the bag under a sleeping man's head, and take out what he wanted. Anyone who noticed this and raised a howl would be beaten up. For any infraction of the many regulations prisoners were put in the lockup. At one camp this was a wooden building with cracks in the roof. In the lock-up prisoners were given only ten ounces of bread a day, and stripped down to their underwear. To stay warm they had to keep moving and so got very little sleep. Often it was just warm enough to melt the snow on the roof, so that icy water would drip down through the cracks. Though some men were given as much as thirty days in the lock-up, no one could stand it that long without getting deathly ill.

The chief amusement was gambling. Another common pastime was being tattooed, and there were some real artists in the camps. They used lampblack, pricking the skin with needles. Payment was in bread, on the installment plan. Women's figures and the Soviet hammer-and-sickle were popular, but the favorite design was a wristwatch.

Bread in the prison camps was soggy. The minute you ate it you felt sour and full of gas. The daily ration was 600 grams, or about twenty ounces. It was the custom to drink a lot of water, which gave one the illusion of a full stomach. The prisoners used to say that a pail of water was worth 1,000 grams of bread. We were given no food in the middle of the day. Besides bread we had a little *kasha,* a cooked grain, usually barley. We never had coffee or tea. Once in a while some burned grain was put in hot water, which gave it a dark color. There was sugar twice a month. The nearest thing to a green vegetable was sour cabbage. If a horse was killed in the lumbering we might find a piece of meat in the thin soup we got every other day. This was the only meat I had in Soviet Russia. Whenever potato peels were thrown into the garbage pits they were picked up and eaten.

We had no knives, forks, spoons, or dishes. I have seen men hold out their bare hands for the hot *kasha.* At first I had nothing to eat out of. Later I found a tin wash-basin and ate out of that. I carried it with me wherever I went; otherwise it would have been stolen. And I made myself a wooden spoon. But most of the men didn't bother with such niceties.

No one shaved, for razors were not allowed. We were lousy, and even got used to the myriad rats. After a while we stopped trying to kill them when they crawled over us at night—we just kicked them out of the way. Sometimes there were baths, perhaps because so many men died. In the



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bath-house one could see how thin the men were—almost like skeletons, covered with horrible sores and boils.

IN the bitter cold many of us were as ragged as tramps. I saw men break down and cry from the cold. Hands and feet were often frozen. Sometimes men purposely froze their feet just enough to lose the toes, so they wouldn't have to work. In between those in the hospital, and those able to do heavy work, there was a third-grade or weak list. These had a little more food, once in a while some sour milk and even some watery cranberries.

The hospitals were always full, but they emptied pretty fast too—new men replacing those who died. There were always fresh graves near every camp hospital. Many died in the woods, buried where they fell. Where piles of brush had been lying, the ground was not frozen and a grave could be quickly dug.

It was no use trying to escape from a labor camp. The secret police had keen-scented dogs. And if you did throw the dogs off, where would you find food and shelter in the vast sub-arctic wilderness?

What kept me going under these terrible conditions was the hope that because I was an American citizen something would happen. And in May 1939 it did. I was in a lumber camp south of Archangel. One night an official stopped me and said, "You're going tomorrow." "Where?" I asked. "Maybe home," he said. I didn't believe him. But actually, after many delays, I was put on a train for Moscow.

There my hopes were dashed again. I was kept in a solitary cell in the secret-police prison for two months. On August 17 my beard and hair were clipped, I was given a suit of rough clothes and taken to a room where I found the American Ambassador, Mr. Laurence A. Steinhardt, and the Consul, Mr. Ward. They questioned me in the presence of an official, about how I had been treated, and I answered as much as I dared—not knowing whether I was to be returned to the Russian secret police. I signed papers for an American passport. Then Mr. Steinhardt asked an official why I had been sent to prison. Had I stolen anything? Killed somebody? What were the charges? The official said he didn't know. Mr. Steinhardt then said to the official: "Why did you break the agreement, signed by President Roosevelt, whereby the Soviet authorities must notify us within three days if they arrest an American citizen?" The official answered that they didn't know I was an American citizen. Then I was taken back to jail.

On September 9 I was taken via Leningrad to the Finnish border and released, a free man at last. I got back to the United States in November.

I tell my story now so that the world may know what is happening in Soviet Russia. And perhaps telling it will help some of those poor fellows who, like me, went over there from here, and set them free before they are buried under a brush pile near the Arctic Circle.

I am free, but from the day I was arrested I have had no news of my wife. I do not know where she is, nor what has become of her.

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Norway and Sweden are not prepared to repel invasion by the Red Army

In the Path of Tomorrow's Wars

I. The Defences of Sweden

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basle Liberal German-Language Daily

INDIRECTLY the Soviet Union has menaced Sweden, because of the rape of Finland, and it directly threatens that country now that victory has been won. Internal political events in Sweden suggest very strongly that the nation recognizes the possibility of a continued advance of the Red Army beyond the western frontier of Finland. The new Stockholm cabinet continues to believe that a neutral Sweden is more to be preferred than a policy of direct assistance to Finland, but the question is raised everywhere in the country today whether such neutrality can be preserved by the will of Sweden alone.

Close to the Swedish-Finnish frontier, which extends from the northern end of the Gulf of Bothnia, near Haparanda, up the coastal mountains to a point south of Tromso, are the rich deposits of ore and magnetic iron at Kiruna and Gellivare. The production of these mines, together with others southwest and northwest of Stockholm, make Sweden the world's third largest producer of these minerals. The famous copper mines of Falum are in a more protected situation, to the northwest of Upsala. The Soviet Union must be strongly tempted to make the short and easy jump over the frontier of western Finland and seize the Swedish ore districts and also grab the vital ore-transport lines connecting Lubea and Narvik.

That temptation is so real that, naturally, Sweden keeps herself militarily prepared for the time when the Kremlin may succumb to it. Although the past policy of Sweden was against defence of her interests by intervention in Finland—obviously fearing such a move would provoke in turn the intervention of Germany—nevertheless the Government responded to popular sentiment by permitting voluntary enlistments for action with the Finnish army. Reports were cur-

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rent of at least two Swedish-Finnish army divisions, one consisting of Finns resident in Sweden and the other Swedish volunteers, and both engaged in the defence of the Finnish center [before the conflict ended March 12].

Protection of the Swedish land frontier against a Finland occupied by the Red Army is relatively simple. The frontier is 250 miles in length. Russian troops advancing westward over Finland would find no rail transport in the Finnish-Lapland region nor scarcely anything resembling a road. On the other hand, the Swedish ore-transport railroad is most advantageously situated for defence purposes as it lies behind the probable front in any Russo-Swedish conflict and, accordingly, would be invaluable in lending mobility to the Swedish forces.

BUT the picture is not as rosy elsewhere. The entire length of the east coast of Sweden is exposed to attacks by Russian planes and subject also to bombardment by the Red Navy. Naval attack presupposes that Russian units could successfully pass the dangerous narrows of the Aaland Islands which have been heavily mined. But were the Red Army to occupy Finland, and reach the Gulf of Bothnia, these mines could be harmlessly exploded, and the attendant threat to Stockholm is obvious.

It must be admitted that the Finnish invasion took the Scandinavian countries by surprise. Finland was the only State among them which had made some preparations against attack by its eastern neighbors. Sweden and Norway, on the other hand, had always held (and under normal conditions their view was correct) that there was no danger of invasion by the Soviet Union because Germany, the "implacable foe of communism," served as a sufficient deterrent and counterweight to any expansionist dreams of the Kremlin.

French experts estimate the total Swedish army strength, reserves included, at 600,000 men, a figure that seems excessive in view of her very small peacetime force. Compulsory service consists of 140 to 225 days of training for the ranks; noncommissioned officers must train 260 days while the training of officers endures for thirty-three months. The territorial reserves consist of men between thirty-five and forty-two, and they engage in voluntary training extended by various drill organizations. In addition, various sports organizations provide training for some 180,000 men. The basic Swedish army division consists of three infantry regiments well equipped with automatic weapons. The nation manufactures its own armaments in the Bofors Works. In the air, Sweden is poorly equipped, and in 1936 there were only ninety-three machines which could be regarded as first-line craft; the total number of planes today does not exceed a few hundred. The army has for training purposes only seventy-five machines for some 850 pilots.

The greatest difficulty in Sweden's defence is, aside from the Finnish frontier, the great length of the country's coast. That extends more than 4,700 miles. From the northern corner of the Finnish frontier to the southern corner of Sweden and the Baltic is an expanse of 1,000 miles. (The 1930 population of the country was 6,100,000, concentrated on some 174,000 square miles; the density of

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population, of course, decreases substantially in the northern provinces.)

The Swedish navy is not equipped to defend this enormously long coast. The force consists of but eight armored coastal ships, totalling 38,225 tons; the three largest, each of 6,900 tons displacement, are equipped with four 11-inch guns. In addition, Sweden possesses two airplane carriers, one light cruiser, sixteen destroyers, sixteen submarines, and several small warships. [This may be compared to the London *News-Chronicle* figures on the Red Navy: twenty-five destroyers, three aircraft carriers, five cruisers, 180 submarines, 130 motor-torpedo boats, and three old battleships.]

After the peace of Neskilde, in 1658, Sweden was by far the strongest power in the Baltic. Today that nation is plainly worried by doubts that she can offer adequate resistance to the Soviet Union if the latter crosses Finland's western frontiers.

II. The Military Situation in Norway

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basle Liberal German-Language Daily

ON THE Arctic Ocean, Norway is separated from Soviet Russia by a narrow strip of Finnish territory, only fourteen miles wide, on which the town of Petsamo, now a familiar headline, is situated. In substantial numbers the Red Army is intrenched in this extreme northern area after seeking to turn the Finns' left flank by driving the enemy south. The Russians are standing almost directly on the Norwegian frontier.

The Soviet Union in the past has not hesitated to express its desire for an ice-free naval base on the Norwegian coast, and in part dependent on such an acquisition is the entire Soviet program of maritime development in the Arctic. A step in the direction of such development, to the end of greater share by the Soviet Union in world commerce, was the construction of the Leningrad-Murmunsk railroad.

The fact is that today Norway is in no less perilous a situation than is Sweden. Consider some of her vulnerable points:

In the twenty-five years since the World War, Norway has maintained a standing army of no more than 60,000, reasoning that its geographical situation—and that of the other Scandinavian states—was such that no greater military protection was required. Any idea that Germany which, lying to the south, obviously would be unaffected by obstacles Norway presents to an invader from the east, would become a fast friend of the Soviet Union, had never entered the minds of Norwegian statesmen. The northern situation, however, has so changed overnight that Norway is confronted with the problem of whether to relinquish to the invader that part of her territory lying north of Sweden, or attempt to defend it from the Red Army, divisions of which remain scarcely a stone's throw today from the Norwegian frontier. Implicit in the consideration of this

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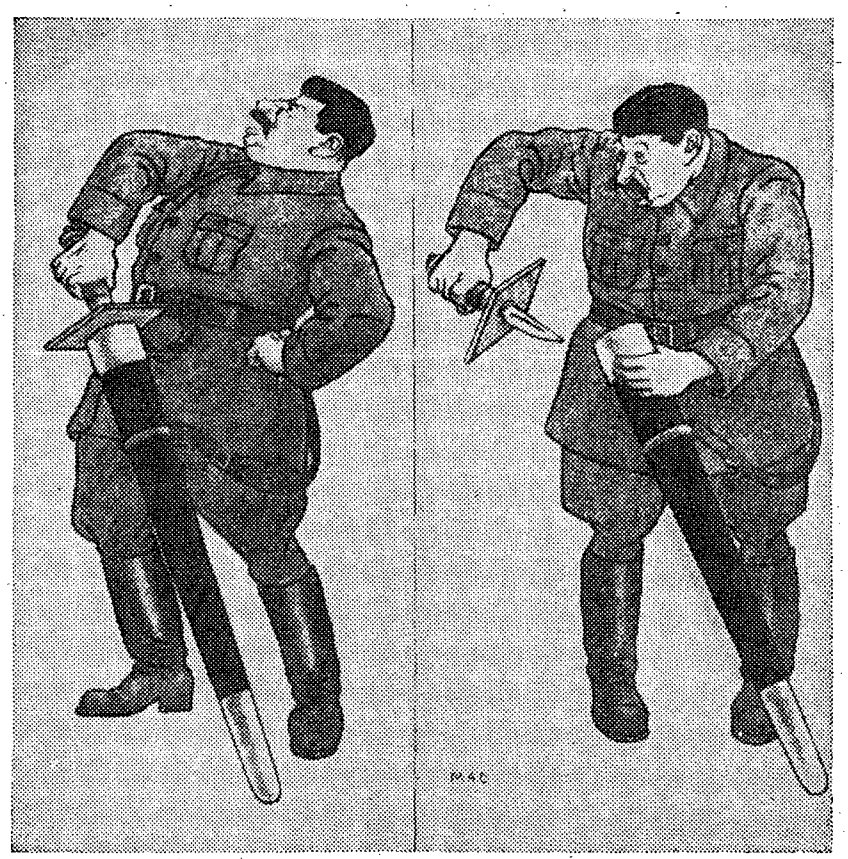
problem, and also that facing Sweden, is another "hindsight" consideration that conceivably the Scandinavian countries would have fared better had they actively joined Finland at the outset rather than waiting for Russia to consume them, one by one.

Norway has an area of 125,000 square miles, with a population of some three million. Thus the country is thinly populated, particularly in the north. The scarcity of provisions and dwellings will bring many difficulties to the invader, perhaps paralleling those lately encountered by the Red divisions in Finland. Aside from that, the northern districts of Norway are mountainous in the extreme, roads are few in number, and in the northernmost districts snow and ice are eternal. The coastline is cut by deep fiords and thus relatively easy to defend, but even such defence requires men and stores and artillery.

The Norwegian makes a good soldier; his average intelligence is high, and he has firmness of character. But the nation's military organization is backward, and its militia system does not embrace the mass of the male population. For example, of 32,077 men called to the colors in 1931, only 16,757 were incorporated into the active army. In the year 1936-37, the regular army *cadres* numbered only 12,300 men, 1,135



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officers and 765 non-coms. There is, fortunately, some means of expansion, since in the event of mobilization the ministry of defence could call upon the 100,000 members of various athletic organizations.

The periods of compulsory service, during the twelve years that male citizens are active reserves, are extremely short, with terms of but 70 to 84 days in the "recruit schools." Additional training is rare and for even briefer periods. Incidentally, the country has a large number of conscientious objectors to military service, although such protestants are made to do their service in noncombatant branches. A man is subject to active duty for twelve years, and remains in the reserves for a like period of time. Allowing for all deductions and exemptions, there are probably 200,000 men available in an emergency.

The Norwegian army is divided into six divisions, which include three cavalry divisions, eighteen special squadrons, fifty battalions of infantry, three field-artillery regiments, nine mountain-battery artillery units and one regiment of anti-aircraft artillery. In addition, there are four battalions of engineer corps.

As with Sweden, the Norwegian Navy is inadequate to resist any threat from the Soviet Union. Part of this inadequacy is compensated by the excellent seamanship of almost all Norwegians—a large percentage of the male population are professional seamen. The nation possesses four battleships, all obsolete, used as armored coastal guards (each of 4,000 tons) with a speed of seventeen knots and each equipped with two 8.3-inch guns and some lesser pieces. The navy's eight destroyers are relatively modern, four of them almost new. In addition, there are nine submarines, three torpedo boats of 220 tons each, and twenty-two torpedo-boats totalling only 1,618 tons. A few mine-sweepers and fishery guards complete the list—far from impressive. In 1936 the naval personnel amounted to only 2,032 men, under the command of one admiral and 132 officers. Norway's air force is even less formidable, in 1936 consisting of only 64 machines, although some additions were made in 1939.

Norwegian morale is high, and if invasion comes the nation's forces, such as they are, will defend their freedom valiantly. But neglect of the military organization in the post-War years may have serious consequences.

Editor's Note: The foregoing articles may describe the defence situation in Norway and Sweden somewhat too pessimistically. They do not account for various measures which American correspondents have reported back to this country both in newspapers and over the air. For example, in Sweden thousands of gas-masks have been distributed to inhabitants of urban communities, bomb-proof shelters have been dug in congested parts of cities, arrangements made for rapid evacuation of such centers, and the feminine population has been set to knitting socks for soldiers. In lesser degree the same measures have been taken in Norway.

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Britain's 'philosopher-statesman' traces conflict to clash in ideals

The Genesis of This War

By THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT SAMUEL

From *Contemporary Review*,
London Topical Monthly

THOSE WHO believe that wars make in the long run for human well-being will believe that war is a good thing in itself, and that there is no reason to think that the decisions that have led to a particular war need have been wrong decisions. But I am speaking to an audience most, or all, of whom will hold that wars, at all events in the present age and between so-called civilized powers, do not conduce to welfare; that the war in which we are now engaged is not a good thing to be welcomed, but an evil thing to be deplored; and therefore that the decisions which caused the war were wrong decisions. I start, at all events, from that standpoint.

Let us consider, then, what were the philosophic or religious ideas which were behind the economic and political factors that gave rise to the war. And I do not think it is prejudice that leads us to say that it is the ideas which were current in Germany that are the most relevant. For although the Allied powers have great responsibility, on account of the imposition of impossible reparations, and on account of the refusal to fulfill the promise of a great disarmament, neither of those issues was incapable of settlement without war; the reparations question was in fact settled without war. There is no doubt that Britain and France were most eager throughout for peace to be preserved; they showed it by their acquiescence in the reduction and then the stoppage of reparation payments, the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the *Anschluss* with Austria, and even in the recovery, by open threat of force, of the Sudetenland. We have the right to believe that posterity will judge aggressiveness and impatience on the German side to have been the decisive factor. The National Socialist Government was the embodiment of that spirit, and its agent; and our main task, therefore, is to examine the phil-

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osophic and religious ideas which underlie Nazi policy. For there is a definite creed which underlies it. Just as history recognizes that the French Revolution was the outcome of the philosophy of Voltaire, Rousseau and the *Encyclopédistes,* fermenting in the body of the *Ancien Régime,* so the present war must be recognized to be the outcome, primarily, of the Nazi philosophy fermenting in the body of Post-Versailles Germany.

The harm done by the Nazi creed is due to the fact that, while giving right answers to some of the great questions in debate in our present civilization, it gave wrong answers to a greater number, and those including some of the most vital. Let me repeat that by right and wrong I mean conducive to welfare, of Germans and of others, or not conducive to welfare.

Let us go one stage farther back and consider why the wrong answers were given. Not necessarily because of the sinfulness of human nature. Bad decisions may be due to bad character, but also to bad judgment. The so-called Wars of Religion were fought on both sides from the highest motives. The authors of the Inquisition were often men of saintly life. Everyone nowadays claims some sort of moral justification for his acts. The Nazi leaders seek to persuade others, and may have persuaded themselves, that their aims are right and that their methods, even if questionable in themselves, are justified by the ends they serve. In support they quote a whole literature of history and philosophy.

When Plato said that the human race would never have rest from their evils "until philosophers were kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy," he assumed that philosophers would be men who not only were "lovers of Wisdom," but would woo her successfully. In this he was rash, for many fail to win her favor. A king who was a bad philosopher might make a far worse king than one who governed by rule of thumb. If you have read a work which has had a wide influence on present German thought, Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West,* you will have gone through a thousand pages packed with bad philosophy; and if you have read its predecessor, which may have had even greater influence — Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*—you will have traversed an equal stretch of distorted history.

DOCTRINES of Hegel and of Nietzsche have furnished other materials for the Nazi creed. Nietzsche, it is true, said many things in an opposite sense. For example: "To affirm that the State is the highest end of man and that there is no higher duty than to serve it, I regard this not a relapse into paganism but into stupidity"; "Have nothing to do with anyone involved in that brazen humbug of racialism"; "I wage war on anti-Semitism, which dissipates and poisons so much precious energy." But Nietzsche, for all his trenchant criticism of shams and cants and his fiery exhortations to abandon sloth and rise to heroic action, propounded a system of morals—or non-morals—irrational and perverse, which must bear no small responsibility for the evils of nazism.

Bad philosophies take hold for lack

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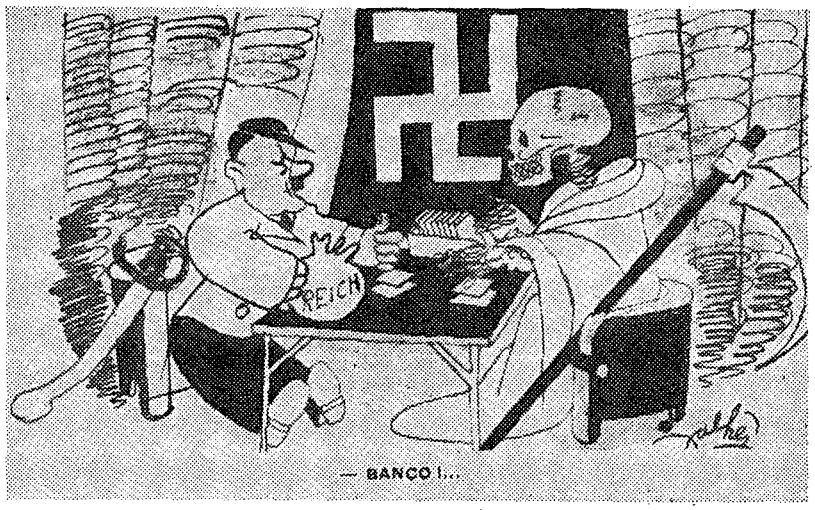
of better. I have heard it said that "Hitler is a vacuum phenomenon." The vacuum exists because neither the philosophy predominant in the schools, nor, it must be said, the religion offered in the churches, satisfies the mental and spiritual needs of the modern world. The facts about us show quite clearly that they are not effective either to direct the minds of the leaders or to control the actions of the masses.

So far as philosophy is concerned, I am expressing a personal view, when I submit that the fault lies in the influence allowed, for more than a century throughout Europe and America, to the teachings of the Idealist school. Berkeley, Kant, Hegel and their many followers, have been allowed to lead human thought, and they have led it into a cul-de-sac. Conceptions such as "the absolute," "the categorical imperative," "ultimate values," are a dead end. Critically examined they prove to be without real significance; they have no relation to the universe in which we find ourselves; but they have blocked the advance of thought. On an occasion such as this it is not possible to argue this proposition. And perhaps that is as well! I merely deposit that bomb and retire to a safe distance.

Formerly socialism and nationalism were seldom friends and never allies. The socialist was usually an internationalist, and the patriot, with militarist tendencies, was usually an anti-socialist. Now Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin have shown how to combine elements of real socialism with a full-blooded nationalism. As Mr. Walter Lippmann says, "The fascist appeal combines the emotions of patriotism with the grievances of the proletariat. Those who have been socialists become national socialists. The class war is diverted toward international war."

In a time when there is economic suffering, and in a country where there is a bitter consciousness of national defeat, this mixture is highly explosive. Emotions are raised to flashpoint. Rational considerations disappear. People say, "This policy may well prove disastrous, but noth-



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ing can be worse than our present conditions. At all events these leaders will do *something;* and anything is better than nothing." So they surrender liberty, accept tyranny, and invite disaster. Hence Hitlerism.

There was a period during the great depression when it seemed as though those ideas might sweep over the greater part of the world, including countries not defeated in the war. But it proved not to be so. The English-speaking peoples in particular—less attracted to general theories than the Teuton or the Latin or the Slav, less interested in any kind of *Weltanschauung,* more experienced in the practice of self-government—proved immune to national socialism, fascism and communism. In this country, whenever the issue is tested at parliamentary or local elections, it is clear that not more than two in a hundred of the voters will support any one of those policies. In the Dominions and in the United States it is much the same. Furthermore, those everywhere who are religious-minded, in whatever degree, whether accepting the traditional faiths in their fullness or not, are utterly alienated by doctrines that are of the essence of those political creeds. It is no accident or coincidence—it arises from the very nature of the case—that Nazi Germany in this war finds herself condemned by every one of the great organized religions — Catholic or Protestant, Jewish or Mohammedan, Buddhist, Hindu or Confucian. There is an exception: the Shintoism of Japan; but Shintoism is less a religion than a nationalism clothed in a mythology.

Thus the war has come from the clash when the dynamic energy of national socialism was withstood by the forces, now united in resistance, of both rationalism and religion. Fascism (which includes the phalangism of Spain), communism and Shintoism are in sympathy with many, perhaps most, of the Nazi principles; and not much was wanting for the countries where those doctrines are powerful to have ranked themselves at Germany's side in the battle. They have been deterred, at all events up to the present, partly because of the existence of countervailing forces, especially Catholicism in Italy and Spain; partly by considerations of prudence—the unpromising aspect of the balance of military and economic power.

Let us scan over our genealogy of the war, before turning to the lessons to be drawn for the future. At the first remove we have the decisions of Hitler on Czechoslovakia and Poland, applying the policy of national socialism. At the second remove we have a number of political and economic events, in Germany and elsewhere, spread over the twenty years from the end of the Great War; events which, in combination, produced the Nazi party, fostered its rise, and permitted its ultimate triumph. Although the errors of the Allies contributed to the result, they need not have led to another war if it had not been for the spirit at large in Germany. At the third remove we find the philosophy of nazism and fascism, embodying ideas drawn from various writers on history and philosophy. And at the fourth remove we have the failure of philosophy and religion to furnish any body of right belief or any code of right action, which could command effectively the assent and obedience of the modern world. Thereby room

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was left for wrong doctrines to take hold on multitudes of minds, astray in a world of material distress and political confusion.

NOW, as to the future. Let us in the first place discard all ideas of impersonal, undefined "forces" which will determine our fate irrespective of our own decisions and actions. There are no such forces. The word "destiny" appears and reappears all through Spengler's volumes; it is indeed his keyword. How it permeates German thought may be instanced by the fact that Field Marshal Göring, in the speech of welcome which he addressed to Herr Hitler on his triumphal return to Berlin after the entry into Prague, said, two or three times over, that that event, like the previous annexations, was the fulfillment of German "destiny"; Hitler was the chosen agent of "destiny." Even in this country the same conception has found expression, though rarely. It was the root of Thomas Hardy's pessimism. In his great epic drama, *The Dynasts,* Hardy shows us the Napoleonic armies like columns of ants crawling across Europe, the armies, the statesmen in their Councils, the people in their homes—all of them acting in obedience to an Immanent Will; while the Spirit Ironic, and the Spirit Sinister, and the Spirit of the Pities, look on aloof. The Will itself acts without consciousness.

And this idea of some impersonal "force" was at the base also of the optimistic faith, equally unfounded, which many thinkers of the nineteenth century drew from the discovery of the so-called "law" of evolution. They found there an assurance of a progress that was certain, because automatic. But evolution is not a "law," in the sense of a command that will be fulfilled; it is no more than a name for a process. That process has indeed brought about an upward advance; but over æons of time, and with innumerable retrogressions and failures, as both biology and human history plainly show. Whole species and genera have deteriorated into parasites, or become extinct; one after another, civilizations have declined and disappeared; ages of enlightenment have been succeeded, not by greater enlightenment, but by ages of darkness.

Putting aside, then, these conceptions both of destined evil and of destined good, we come back to the true doctrine, that as men sow, individually or collectively, so shall they also reap; and it is for them to decide whether they shall sow wheat or tares.

There is need, I suggest, of a new science—the science of human experience. History, as we teach and learn it, comprises both too much and too little. Too much, because it includes the dramatic, the personal and the literary on an equal footing with the facts that are materials for generalizations of scientific value. We would not willingly lose the artistic element in history; it gives pleasure and it gives inspiration; but it is well to distinguish it from the scientific element. And history has included too little: it has dwelt on political and military events, and on the influence of personalities; but it usually omits, or gives insufficient weight to the physiological side of human development; the influence of environment on man, and man's influence on environment; the economic factors; and the effects of religious and philosophic ideas.

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Side by side with a philosophy linked to science there is need of a religion allied with both. Religion, bringing in the elements of emotion, poetry, tradition, is essential to supplement the rationality of philosophy and to penetrate the vast province that lies outside the scope of science. Religion is not likely to become uniform; different presentations are needed to meet the differences of history, race, sex and individual temperament. But to many who take an objective view—however much those may differ who see the problems of religion only subjectively—it seems that two things will be found essential always and everywhere. First, that the beliefs that are vital shall be disentangled from legend and myth; that the ancient theologies, which once were paths to Deity but now are often hindrances, should no longer be allowed to interpose a barrier between man and God, and spoil the essential simplicity of spiritual communion. Secondly, that all the various faiths, western and eastern, should recognize that they are striving to serve a common purpose, and should emphasize their points of agreement rather than their differences. Religion, if it is to be truly religious, should surely be a force to unify rather than to divide mankind. In this age there are no more wars between Catholic and Protestant, or between Christianity and Islam; but there is still a sense of separateness rather than of co-operation; and there are still open conflicts between Hindu and Moslem, Sunni and Shiah. The antagonisms now embroiling the human race have come down to us from a chaotic past, that has left us a heritage of divisions—races, nations, creeds, languages. If one may coin a word after the current pattern, it should be the task of religion to help to de-babelize mankind.

It is now constantly asked: But how can religion command influence in an age of war and suffering; if there be a God, and if "God is Love," why these wars, and the abominations they bring? The answer may be given that the reticence of God is His greatest boon to man. Were there intervention from moment to moment, or even if there were a revealed code of conduct with plain direction for every eventuality, man's freedom would be gone, and with it his greatest glory. He would become, as has been said, "the mere puppet of a divine ventriloquist."

To inculcate vital truth is now the task of philosophy. in close alliance with science and with religion. To draw deductions, and to apply them in the sphere of practical action, is the task of the politician and the economist. It is for them to find the ways to obviate another war—mutual disarmament, freedom of commerce, some form of polity transcending the nations. But unless there is *a wish* to avoid war—and not only in some countries, but in all countries—the efforts of statesmen and economists will prove futile. If there are still to be peoples and governments who act upon the conviction that war is in itself not a bad thing but a good thing; or else that good or bad does not matter; that what only matters is strength, struggle, ruthlessness—if that faith animates nations, then wars there still will be.

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The Italian people may not react to fighting as Mussolini has hoped, writes Living Age's correspondent

The Duce's Dilemma

By BETTY WASON

Rome, March

THE OTHER night in Rome's Ambasciatori Bar they were swinging the burning of Moscow, or at least the Rachmaninoff prelude describing that event, and among the dancers happily tapping out the rhythm was one of Il Duce's sons. There was something ironic about it —a modern Nero fiddling in the midst of roaring fire.

Actually, the feeling in Italy is not outrageously bitter against communism. There is only one idea paramount in the attitude of most Italians, and that is peace. Two wars for the glory of greater Italy have brought little but additional hardships and higher prices, and the people are fed up with war. But they know—for the Italian people do know a lot more than appears in their newspapers—that the anti-Russian talk is mere poker. Poker is something they understand. They approve the present turn of diplomatic policy because it may serve as a pretext to slide out of the Rome-Berlin tie-up, and they have been grumbling about that ever since the knot was tied.

There's a little story making the rounds in Rome these days about Mussolini and his poker hands. Everyone knows that the Munich Conference was a poker game, with Chamberlain and Daladier holding the aces and kings while Hitler and Mussolini had a pair of deuces apiece. That bluff succeeded for the Rome-Berlin partners, but after this last deal Mussolini made a phone call to Berlin.

"Don't forget, Adolf," he said, "I passed that hand!"

In less polite society than that of the Ambasciatori Bar, Italy is sometimes referred to as the harlot of Europe. She's raking in offers from both sides still, but the Rome-Berlin Axis of the old days is pretty definitely junked. Polite bickering is still going on between them, but there is plenty of kicking under the table. Watch what happens at the Italo-German frontier and you have some idea. Cus-

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toms officers are pretty amiable to most of the neutral nationals passing through—American citizens seldom have their baggage examined—but when a "non-belligerent" Italian comes up his baggage is overhauled by the Nazi officers piece by piece, with plenty of nastiness to accompany the searching.

Talk of Vatican influence in keeping Italy neutral sounds very uplifting, but Italy's neutrality is determined by far more practical reasons than the hopes of the Holy Roman Church. The attitude of the Vatican, however, is a great help in propaganda, for the Church reaches into every hamlet and homestead in Italy. The streets of Rome are brilliant with clerical robes of all hues and designs, thousands of Catholic priests-in-training strolling along the ancient byways. Meatless Thursdays and Fridays are observed in the name of religious fasts, though the custom is also a convenient aid in conserving the meat supply against the dark future. Rome is a holy city and Italy a staunch Roman Catholic country. With the Church waging a campaign against communism, the people are ready to follow suit.

BUT Italy will try its utmost to remain neutral not primarily because of Catholicism or auction-block politics but because the country is totally unprepared for war. All the money that could be squeezed out of the people for the military has already been squeezed; even the women's wedding rings are sunk in Ethiopian mud. Military equipment is sadly in need of refurbishing. Food supplies are limited, and while Italians are still eating lavishly in comparison with the people of belligerent countries, in case of war they would have no source of supply abroad. Sugar and coffee are rationed and it is difficult to buy soap in any quantity. Clothing prices have shot to the sky. Among the reports that fly around is one that all wool will have to be declared in the same way that gold and brass possessions already have been listed. Mattresses are being hoarded.

There are other shortages disturbing the leaders of the country. Coal is limited, so that in many hotels there is heat for only half a day. [Since this was written, Britain has demonstrated that Italian freighters carrying coal mined by Italian workers in the Reich will have their cargoes seized as contraband.] Long ago synthetic gas made its appearance at filling-stations.

Foreign Minister Count Ciano declared in a public address recently that Italy could not fight for another three or four years. Muti's statement a short time later that the "Italian people must be ready at any time to defend themselves" was said for the sole benefit of the Italian people themselves. It's bad psychology to have them too sure they won't be forced to fight.

A new ticket with which to purchase soldier's leave was introduced in Italy a few weeks ago. The conscript who craves a long week-end at home collects old newspapers and delivers them to his superior officer. If he is an efficient scavenger and his pile of old papers is sufficiently large, he is rewarded with time off. He urges his civilian friends not to throw away their daily newspaper. Not in wartime.

Her strategic position makes Italy

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a good bargainer—as long as she stays neutral. But once she gets involved in the free-for-all there are dragons on every side ready to thrust out poisoned claws. Yugoslavia isn't at all impressed by Italy's talk of Balkan "protection." After the last war Italy grabbed a big slice of Croatian territory in the Trieste section; even today one finds as many Slavs as Italians in that region, though they must all register as Italians. Italian paternalism has been accepted as the lesser of two evils, but should Italy join in the conflict with Germany, she would have a snarling enemy on the other side of the Adriatic.

Spain supposedly is an Italian ally. But both United States and British diplomats have been striving to neutralize Spain, I was told by a man who is himself working on that assignment. And their efforts have been rewarded. Italy has found her influence in Spain sadly weakened—and Spain is quite as important strategically, if not in military power, as Mussolini's Italy.

An Italian pact with Hungary means nothing. Poor post-war Hungary is a Graustark country rich with officers in smart little black hats but poor in man power and in natural defences. Living in a revisionist dream of "everything back," the Hungarians delude themselves with hopes of revived power, but German soldiers could override the country as easily as they walked through Poland. Besides, as one anti-Fascist Italian expressed it to me, "Didn't we have a pact with Austria? And what happened when the Germans marched in? We put our hands over our eyes and pretended not to see."

Yet if Russia invades either Ruthenia, now part of Hungary, or Bessarabia, still part of Rumania, Italy must act to stop the advance of the U.S.S.R. before it reaches her own shores. Which is why Italy is still rolling dice with Germany. Maybe the Germans can keep the Russians at home. There is another sad truth. Italy dare not align herself against Germany. There is the undefended Brenner Pass. If and when Italy gets involved—and the chances of her staying clear are slim—she probably will be fighting her own war against Russia, making a total of three wars raging at once on one continent.

AND what of the Italians? How do they view the whole business? Let's take the family of Guiseppe Romano. Guiseppe is a common laborer, a road-builder. He is married and has three children under twelve. When troops were sent to Ethiopia he was among them, fighting for the colonial empire which Il Duce promised. Ethiopia was not much fun. The climate was dreadful and the mud slimy. But Guiseppe, whose job back home had been rough manual work, took great pride in fighting for his country.

As for his wife, she was receiving soldier's pay and extra compensation for her children, amounting to about sixteen dollars a month. The wife, not the husband, gets the soldier's pay check. In Italy and, indeed, in all of Europe, families live on this amount of money. They live simply, it is true, but they manage to keep alive. What's more, she had received half of her husband's pay for the first month he was absent from his job. Had he been a white-collar worker, she would have received half pay for

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six months, but common laborers are expected to get along on less.

Like most Italians the Romanos have been devoted to their Duce. He has rehabilitated land, built new hospitals, introduced complex social reform. Trade unions are thriving. Mothers receive old-age benefits. Trains run on time and ships arrive according to schedule. Cities have been cleaned up and innumerable street cleaners in brass-buttoned uniforms swish brooms around the avenues all day.

Until this year, food was plentiful and cheap and living was pleasant even for the very poor. And even though the prices are rising every day they know that in the rest of Europe they have jumped to a much greater figure. An orange in Italy sells for about a cent. In Germany oranges are seldom to be had and an apple is likely to cost forty cents. A pint of milk in Germany, when available, costs ninety cents. Excellent milk in Italy is not more than fifteen cents a quart, sometimes less. A restaurant order of steak in Germany requires extra ration-coupons, costs around $3.50, and turns out to be the size of a poker chip. Very likely it will be tough. Steak in Italy costs, by comparison, around thirty cents.

These are luxury items to European families. The working-people of Italy fill up on fettucini, ravioli, spaghetti and other cheap dishes, but for flavor they require butter, cheese and meat for the sauces. Butter, cheese and meat are all prohibitive in price in Germany (butter may cost as much as eighty cents a pat), so the working people there must stuff on butterless bread, unseasoned noodles, boiled potatoes.

Italian propaganda fails to disseminate this information, but news gets around. In fact, it gets better as it goes along. People like the Romanos have heard all about prices in Germany and about ration-cards and blacked-out nights. They've watched their own prices rising—and the reaction to the report about "declaring" the wool in mattresses is typical of the way they viewed the rising prices. Only one pound of sugar per month per person is allowed already. What will happen when everything is rationed? Grumbling rises. The Romanos are not as whole-heartedly devoted to their Duce as they were a few months ago. Guiseppe expects to be called up for duty any day and his soldier's pay will buy less now than before.

The Italians are like happy children as long as living is easy and cheap. But they aren't easy to handle when the wolf snarls. For example, there was the bread situation in Naples a year ago. During a wheat shortage only "black" bread was sold, according to Government orders. But Neapolitans objected so strenuously that they smashed bakery windows and raised an unholy rumpus in the town. A week later the Government order was rescinded, allowing white bread to be sold, though in Naples only. Today plenty of wheat is being shipped from Rumania, and all Italy has white bread.

Mussolini might as well fiddle and shout while he can, for the days ahead don't look too promising for him. Whichever way his country may turn her affections at the critical moment, there is going to be the devil to pay, and the devil is the Italian populace.

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The New Messiah

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*,
London Independent Monthly

ON December 21st, 1939, Jossif Vissarionovitsch Dzhugashvili had his sixtieth birthday.

A genius? Or a criminal on the largest scale? Or perhaps the "most eminent mediocrity" in the Party, as Trotzky once called him in a private conversation.

Russia's dictator has already become a legend, his name is a symbol for which men fight and die. It is difficult here not to write a panegyric or a satire. One may take comfort in the thought of the "historian of the future."

But will this historian not depend on our legends and judgments? It therefore becomes a duty of contemporaries to try and pierce through the veil of legend to the real core of personality. First, however, we must ascertain and analyze the different elements in the legend. And for that matter the Stalin of legend, the Stalin as he appears in the fantasy of his people, is at least as important as the real man. The core of reality is not essential to a legend, and indeed need have no actual existence at all. It is of no importance for the symbol Stalin that the actual man should have certain characteristics. Yet the Stalin legend is built up on the Bolshevik legend and is a variant of it.

Books will one day be written about the Bolshevik legend. Its point of departure is the self-glorification of a revolutionary community and its deified founder. The growth of such a legend is a phenomenon which has been fairly often repeated in world history. The Bolshevist community attributed to itself from the first a Messianic and magic significance. It alone was in a position to rescue Russia and lead her to happiness. This Messianic idea was later extended to the whole world.

For the growth of a legend the person of its founder may be of essential importance. The Messianism and the magic of a community finds its concrete expression in this Person. Its propaganda value is increased. An impersonal community can have nothing like the fascination for the imagination of the masses that can the living personality.

Lenin as founder of the Bolshevist Sect was what Max Weber called a "charismatic leader." *Charisma*—grace—is always to be found in greater or less degree in every political leader. Leadership cannot be based merely upon election. It must contain a certain measure of *charisma*. But

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the true charismatic leader is essentially other than the leader who emerges from the functional apparatus of the Party. The charismatic leader removes every intermediary between himself and the mass of his disciples, sets himself above the apparatus, destroys it if it suits him, and constructs another which becomes his obedient tool. His authority comes not from his election but from the magic of his appearance, from his luck and his success. Lenin was such a leader. The magic of his personality had an overpowering effect upon his nearest surroundings and later upon the great mass of his disciples. During his lifetime, however, it was not possible for the legend to take possession of his person, as he himself was too much a realist to allow of such a proceeding. After his death the circle of his nearest disciples and, in particular the triumvirate Stalin-Kamenev-Zinoviev, who took over directly from him, were able to draw from Lenin's person advantages not only for the prestige of the Party, but also, what was more important, for their own authority. Lenin became a fetish, a supernatural protector of the Party and the Party State. He was revered as the invisible Head of the Bolshevik Church, his embalmed mummy on the Red Square in Moscow was merely a material symbol of this immaterial relationship.

Under the principate of Stalin, the Bolshevik metaphysics received its final formulation, became a dogma, which had nothing to do with the materialistic starting-point of the doctrine. But it must not be forgotten that Stalin merely brought to grotesque evolution germs which were already present in the original legend. Thus the motif of self-glorification and Messianic uniqueness which appears in the Stalinist epoch as coarse braggadocio was one of the essential elements of the original Bolshevik legend.

The legend of Bolshevism was transformed into the Stalinist legend, while the whole history of the Party, of the country and even of the world was represented merely as a preparation for the appearance of Stalin. This evolution was fostered consciously and with all the tricks of modern propaganda. His contemporaries were in the happy position of being able to watch the process of "manufacturing" a demi-god.

One doctrine alone can bring salvation. This doctrine is called "Marxism" or "historical materialism" or "dialectical materialism"—abbreviated to "Diamat." The interpretation of this doctrine is in the hands of a mystic dynasty: Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin. The virtue descends mystically from one hero to another, until the holy spirit of "Diamat" finds its highest embodiment in Stalin, whose earthly name is Jossif Vissarionovitsch Dzhugashvili.

ONE peasant girl said to another, "I have deep in my heart a great desire—to see Stalin." The other girl thought a moment and then, turning her big shining eyes to her friend, she said in a low tone: "But Stalin is always with us. At this very moment he sees us and rejoices in our friendship. You are Stalin, and I, and all of us," pointing to her friend. "Stalin is—everything!" and she embraced with a movement of her hand the whole big wonderful garden surrounding her. Thus was the conversation reported

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by the official organ of the Soviet Government (*Izvestia,* August 5, 1939).

It must not be understood by this that reverence for Stalin as a divine being is widespread among the population of the Soviet Union. However, the Government and the Party, press and propaganda, do everything possible to promote this cult of the personality of the "Leader of the Nations." The deification of the ruler is in any case a tradition of the Orient. That Caesar may not require those things which are God's is a Jewish-Christian idea. In the Orient and in the orientalized late Roman Empire there was no such dilemma because Caesar *was* God.

Marx and Engels were spiritual rulers. Lenin who took over their heritage was the first of the dynasty to grasp the earthly sword. Stalin unites completely in himself the two powers, the earthly and the spiritual. Stalin's earthly dominion over the Russian Empire rests neither on conquest nor on election. He rules over the Empire by virtue of his mystic claim to be the last member of the "Marxist" dynasty. The Soviet Union is an ideocratic State, in other words the actual power in this land is wielded by the bearer of an idea. Russia is dominated by "Marxism," that is by a community or sect which is held together by faith in the doctrine. This community, however, has, by a remarkable psychological and sociological process, relinquished all its rights to its head. The bearer of the Marxist idea thus becomes the earthly ruler of the land, the Party Pope becomes an Imperator.

Emperor Stalin needs a pedestal to increase his somewhat inconsiderable stature. With this in view Party history and the history of the Civil War have been falsified, documents disappear, books are rewritten, libraries revised, witnesses removed. In a conversation with Bucharin, onetime secretary of the Communist International, wishing in his usual way to paralize him by blatant flattery, Stalin said, "We two are Himalayas, the others are nothing." To be a Himalaya Stalin was obliged to send Bucharin and the other Party leaders into the next world. The head of the community destroyed the community itself so that all the antecedents of his own rise to power might be buried in oblivion. Stalin, who grew out of the party apparatus himself, destroyed the apparatus in order to appear as a charismatic leader.

THE true Stalin, Jossif Dzhugashvili, was not born to be a prophet. The fact alone that he was a provincial obstructed his rise. Beyond this is the fact that he is half-educated and knows nothing whatever of Europeon culture. Lenin and his immediate circle were not only men of European education, but also more or less gifted literati. A non-literate like Stalin could not possibly play an important role in such a party, and he made no claim to do so. At this period he contented himself with a second or even third-rank post within the party apparatus. He never has expressed independent ideas, or invented anything original. Conscious of his intellectual weakness he always sought to attach himself to a stronger intellect than his own, or tacked about between various intellectual tendencies. Lenin was, during his lifetime, his guiding star, although Stalin never stood in any

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intimate relationship with him. Lenin, however, valued Stalin as an obedient executive and a daring and ruthless revolutionary. These qualities gained him his place on the Bolshevik General Staff even before the revolution.

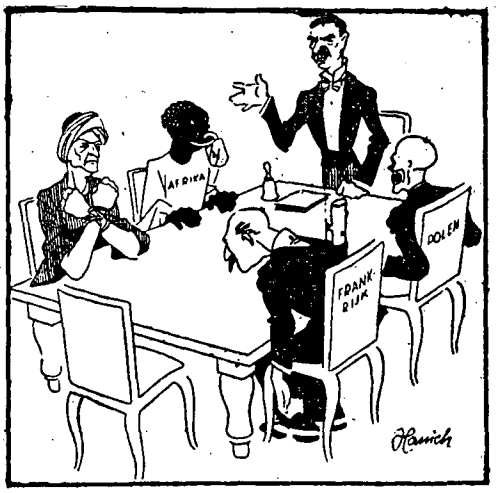
Stalin has always been the man behind the scenes. He shuns the limelight. The revolution of 1917 was dominated by the double star of Lenin and Trotzky, but Stalin doubtless played an important organizing role. Without mixing in the theoretical discussions of the Party literati, he managed successfully to create for himself a basis for future power struggles. In this period, when no one in the Party ever mentioned Stalin, he was building up the foundations of his power by creating for himself his own clique of followers.

Stalin is an *apparatchik,* a man of the Party apparatus, with all such a man's virtues and vices. His whole political *Weltanschauung,* his routine, his technique, arise out of the political working of the apparatus. Administration is his element.

He is deeply convinced of the absolute power of the administrative order. Stalin is no socialist, and that is probably the explanation of the riddle which he presents. Modern socialism is generally hostile to "statism." That is particularly true of Marx and Lenin. In his brochure *State and Revolution* (1917) Lenin, shortly before he came to power, affirmed the dying out of the State as an immanent tendency of Socialist development. In this he followed Marx and Engels. One can see in the State-bureaucratic caricature of socialism which marks the Russian Revolution an inevitable development; but before Stalin it had never occurred to any Socialist to represent State despotism as a positive good. Stalin believes neither in personality nor in society; he despises both. He only believes in the State machine.

How is it that the mediocrity, Jossif Dzhugashvili, has been transformed into Stalin, the legendary hero? The case of Stalin is a special case, perhaps particularly crass, of the victory of mediocrity and philistinism which is so often seen in history, particularly after periods of great changes in which all outstanding personalities are exhausted. The rise of Stalin was also facilitated by the fact that apart from Lenin, and perhaps Sverdlov and Dziersynski, there was no other man of strong will, no single brutal, iron-nerved, daredevil in the ranks of the Bolshevik General Staff. They were all—Buckharin, Kamenev, Zinoviev—fundamentally no more than literati and talkers. Trotzky, the only one who could compete with Stalin, was obviously not disposed to dispute power with him, for reasons which are still not clear.

Stalin's occidental admirers are impressed by his success. The root



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of European Stalinism must, at bottom, be sought in the respect for brute force and success founded upon it.

Stalin's successes? In internal politics they consist in this: he has transformed Russia into a concentration camp, a slave state; robbed millions of peasant families of their possessions and their lives; trodden underfoot the ideas of personal freedom and human dignity; banished truth from his realm and made lies the daily bread of his subjects and his worshippers inside and outside the country.

Even with those of his admirers who venture on an occasional timid criticism of the demigod, it has become a reflex to speak of his "brilliant successes" in the realm of industrial construction. Apart from the fact that independent experts are very sceptical of Stalin's "successes" in the economic sphere, apart from the colossal sacrifices in lives and possessions that these "successes" have cost in every case, can it not be said here as in the Gospel of Luke: "For what is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose himself or be cast away?" Stalin is in truth seeking with Satanic guile to buy the soul of the Russian man with the illusion of material wealth.

The same timid Western European critic might humbly venture to point out to Stalin, the Benefactor, that his imperialistic foreign policy of the last months is in contradiction to his internal policy. But the humble critic is wrong. Stalin's foreign policy is not in contradiction to his internal policy. Both policies are built up upon brute force and shameless hypocrisy. Twenty years ago, moreover, the Soviet Government, with the leading collaboration of Stalin, treated the little country of Georgia in the same callous and hypocritical manner as Finland today. It is remarkable that it never occurs to these members of his Stalinist Majesty's Opposition that only a completely amoral despot with a contempt for mankind could follow a foreign policy such as Stalin's. And at the same time he appears in the eyes of these loyal critics as a brilliant builder of social democracy in Russia. One really has the right to ask what these people understand by democracy and socialism.

The Stalin-Hitler alliance naturally appears in the eyes of the two confederates as a means to an end. It needs no proof that the two rightly mistrust each other and ultimately wish to ruin each other. This is regarded by Leftists of every shade as a sign of Stalin's great genius. Apart, however, from transient and superficial combinations, these two men must in some way feel themselves spiritually akin. Their total amorality and the equally total brutality that derives from it, have a common root in the satanic arrogance with which both lay claim to a godless messianism.

The thing Stalin most hates is personal freedom, and, in general, the free human personality. It contradicts his passion for levelling, his goal, the automatizing and mechanizing of society. Stalin hates the human soul. It is his greatest enemy because it is free and divine. He hates God because God is the father of human freedom, of the free human spirit. In his hatred of Christianity and of the Western civilization which is built upon it, he and Hitler come together.

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Dominion and provincial legislation constricts free speech and assembly

Civil Liberty in Canada at War

By RICHARD S. LAMBERT
From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly

IF EVER liberty were to become extinct in Great Britain, its foothold in the Dominions and other parts of the Empire would be somewhat precarious. The further you move from the center, the more diluted become the traditions of free speech, free press, free associations and other essentials of civil liberty. It seems as if, in these younger countries, the mixture of stock, and its geographical dispersal, together with the pioneering spirit of enterprise, fostered a respect for convention, and a need for discipline, as well as cultivation of the narrower patriotic virtues. In Canada, for instance, a traditional respect for civil liberties is not deep-rooted — for historical, racial and religious reasons. For instance, French Canadians, who form nearly one-third of the population of the Dominion, do not share the Anglo-Saxon conception of personal liberty; nor has the Anglo-Saxon stock in Canada itself been recruited to the same extent as in New England and some parts of the United States from persecuted minorities fleeing Europe because they set a high value on individual freedom. And whilst Canada's past agricultural development has favored conservatism of thought and manners, her more recent industrialization and urbanization has not fostered the traditions of individual freedom as intensively as did the Industrial Revolution in nineteenth-century Britain. The leisured section of the population is small, and there are few public-spirited and well-to-do persons interested in taking up cases of hardship for humane reasons. Civil liberties in Canada, as in Britain, are not a positive set of rights, guaranteed by a written Constitution, like that of the United States; or listed in any specific legislation. The citizen is presumed free to do, think, write or say what he pleases, as long as he doesn't break the law. The Criminal Code of the Dominion follows the English model in the various restrictions which it lays down upon the hold-

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ing of public meetings, the expression of opinion, freedom of the press, and freedom of association. But over and above the Dominion Code, there is a good deal of provincial legislation, and much municipal regulation, which whittles away civil liberty by indirect means.

The most notorious example of this was the "Padlock" Law recently passed by the Quebec Legislature to protect Quebec Province against "communistic propaganda." This declared it illegal for the owner or occupier of a house to make use of it to propagate "communism or bolshevism," and gave the Provincial Attorney General power to shut up the premises, i.e. temporarily confiscate the property. The sting of the Act lay in the vagueness of its objective, since the term "communism," being undefined, could be applied to any school of unpopular thought.

In 1937 the Alberta Legislature tried to interfere with the press by compelling newspapers to publish corrections about any statement which they made relating to the Provincial Government (i.e. Social Credit); but this Act was held *ultra vires* by the Courts. The municipalities, however, have their own way of restricting rights of public meeting, free press, etc., as in Montreal, where no one may distribute circulars without a license, and consequently the circulation of pamphlet literature is controlled. Again, the Dominion immigration authorities have power to ban the import of books and papers, and this power has a censorial effect in a country such as Canada, almost wholly dependent upon Britain and the United States for its literature. Moreover, academic freedom in Canadian universities does not mean what it does in British universities, as is shown by the storms which arise whenever an unlucky professor or lecturer (as in Toronto this spring) makes some statement held to reflect on the established institutions of the country.

SINCE War broke out the ordinary Criminal Code has been supplemented in Canada, as in Britain, by regulations made under Orders in Council. The Defence of Canada Regulations are in several respects more severe than the orders made under the British Emergency Powers Defence Act. The Canadian Regulations are not referable to Parliament, and have not yet been discussed by the Dominion House of Commons. Regulation 21, which gives the Government power to detain a person in custody without trial, and Regulations Nos. 39 and 39a, which suppress verbal and printed channels of disaffection, have never been subject to criticisms or modification, as in Great Britain. Canada also penalizes the law-breaker more heavily, with fines up to $5,000 (or five years' imprisonment), as against (in Britain) £500, or two years' imprisonment.

More important has been the way in which the Regulations have been interpreted and enforced. Last November the Attorney General of Ontario circularized police, mayors and Crown attorneys of the Province, and urged them to a campaign of severe repression of offenders. He boasted of having 1,100 men armed and in uniform to enforce the law, urged the police to be alert and aggressive in seizing subversive literature and arresting those who made subversive statements, and offered every assist-

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ance in giving advice as to the prosecution of the offenders. He defined subversive literature and subversive statements as "literature and statements having a tendency to overthrow, ruin or destroy, as referring to a Government or Constitution." He urged the police to arrest suspects, search premises, demand substantial bail in cases of arrest, and concluded by straining the offence of printing or distributing unlawful literature so as to include mere possession of such literature—provided the amount possessed was substantial. It is no wonder that, under the stimulus of such incitements, the police courts of Canada have been full of prosecutions and convictions—so numerous as to give the entirely false impression that Canada must be full of disloyal citizens. No one has much sympathy with the Communist party as such, whose paper has been suppressed, and whose members have been fined and imprisoned for distributing peace pamphlets; but it is rather different when the Premier of British Columbia threatens Labor members of his Provincial Parliament with proceedings under the Defence Regulation for criticizing British and Canadian war policies in their speeches in Parliament: when Alberta insists on revising an official school text-book, because it contains a sentence stating that the Germans were forced at Versailles to sign "a humiliating peace": when the Ministry of Labor declares a strike for higher wages among shipbuilding employees at St. John's illegal, because an Order in Council has extended an old Industrial Disputes Arbitration Act so as to make it apply compulsorily to all War industries. Astonishingly severe penalties have been imposed for trivial offences, mostly remarks, such as "Heil Hitler!" and "Blast the British!" made under the influence of drink in some "beverage room." A candidate in the municipal elections has been charged with issuing a subversive election handbill, which included the paragraph, "I stand for Government responsibility for Red Cross work, and against the extraction of money from already meagre pay envelopes of the working people." Accused persons who plead that people have a right to criticize the Government in peace or war and instance the examples of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bernard Shaw in Britain, receive no sympathy in Canada; though one judge, in allowing an appeal against a conviction early in the War, gave a warning against panic and mob psychology, and said he feared that what was happening was "almost equal to the famous old example of the witch-burning of Salem." Halifax seems to have had a particularly bad fit of nerves, taking the form of prosecution of people who have written to friends in the United States referring to ships in Halifax harbor. A young University lecturer has just been tried there for writing in this style to his sweetheart in Denmark, and accompanying his text with a diagram; but he escaped with a nominal fine of one dollar. He is luckier than two school-girls, aged seventeen and eighteen, who were sentenced at Regina to a fine of $25 and costs, or thirty days in jail, for distributing a Communist pamphlet: or than a farmer, who received a fine of $200 and three months' imprisonment for making remarks derogatory to the King and Queen, and the Canadian Army.

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The young and unwed soldier is told that fatherhood is also his duty

Germany Needs 'Boy Fathers'

From the *Schwarze Korps*, Berlin Weekly Organ of the Elite Guard

A WAR for our future is also a war for our unborn children. Thus the thought of the soldier is turned toward the child, toward *his child,* who is to embody the future of his blood. It is for his child that the soldier today is at war; it is for this child that he is prepared to shed his blood and, if necessary, to fall in the struggle.

On some future day his child will say:

"Twice has my father given me life. First, he begot me. Also I am indebted to him for fulfilling the eternal dream of the German people of the re-establishment of the Holy Empire. He gave me life, a life of real freedom."

But consider the young soldier who has not yet given life to a child. He is faced with this searching self-inquiry: Who will thank me for my sacrifice? Should not the future for which my comrades and myself are struggling, and which we are winning, be the future also of my own blood?

Such a question suggests its own answer: that the loss of life in war can find compensation in our victorious future only if the dead continue to live in their children.

Before us is a letter from a young, unmarried soldier. It is a touching example of the purest sentiments which can move the heart of a youthful front-line soldier of the Reich. He writes us:

"My fiancée and I spent a long evening together before I was called to the front. We thought of things we dared not talk about. Then she said to me in her low, soft voice. 'Many will have to die.'

"I looked at her, and suddenly I knew she was thinking of the same thing as I. And in a voice that was lower, she added: 'I would not like to remain alone.'

"Then the question arose in my mind whether or not I should give my blood to the Fatherland without leaving an heir to that blood. I asked myself, are not strong children the immortality of this earth? . . .

"I must go to war, but now I know

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precisely that for which I am fighting. I am fighting because *my* child is growing beneath the heart of a woman. And I believe that henceforth I will be qualified to do by duty as a man, armed with that knowledge.

"Of course, I may be reproached that I am too young for fatherhood. Too young? I am not too young to be a soldier at the front. I obeyed the call to mobilization. Therefore, my passion to call a child my own cannot be denied me.

"Or I may be reproached that I am not in a position to support a family. That is true—while I am at the front. But should I return alive from the front, my fiancée and I will work together; we are young and strong, and we have confidence in the future.

"The boorish will not understand that. The boor cannot understand how one may undertake such responsibility without financial means. I know, of course, that not every child born in the near future will be procreated in purest love. But the boor shall look first at the parents of these children, and then judge. . . .

"Who will dare throw the first stone? I would ask him: 'Have you the same will for the future of our people, the same confidence in the future of our nation? Will your wife sacrifice herself for our blood? And are you in the front-line?' "

IN these eloquent lines a young soldier speaks from the depths of a pure heart. The answer to him cannot be left to the contemptible philistine. The German people will respond to him in these words:

We are happy that you are as you are, that you respond to your inner urge. Were we not worthy of you, and were we not prepared to protect you, we could not believe in our future and we should be unable to wage this war.

The German people fight this war for their children, the born and the unborn, the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren. For them we want to safeguard the empire for which our fathers—and hundreds of thousands now living—have struggled and fought for many years, for which so many of us have sacrificed life, health, peace and the good things of this world.

Today we demand that the achievements of the most industrious, capable, efficient and the most moral of all peoples be directed to their own profit. The German must be undisturbed by those forever at his throat because they fear the fruits of his creative and peaceful labor.

Another letter comes to us from a front-line soldier of the World War. Passionately he protests against the exclusion of older men from the front-line ranks. And he tells us:

"As a father of a family of four children, and being now forty-one years of age, I should like to raise this question:

"Is it not a pity to lose in war young men who have not as yet procreated their kind? We still have, as a heritage of the last war, a surplus in Germany of two million women. We old front-fighters have discharged our duty to the future. Therefore, there is no loss from a biological point of view when our time comes to leave this world. But every unborn child is a loss to the State, and accordingly we old men should be in the first-line of fire.

"Today we know that the Reich

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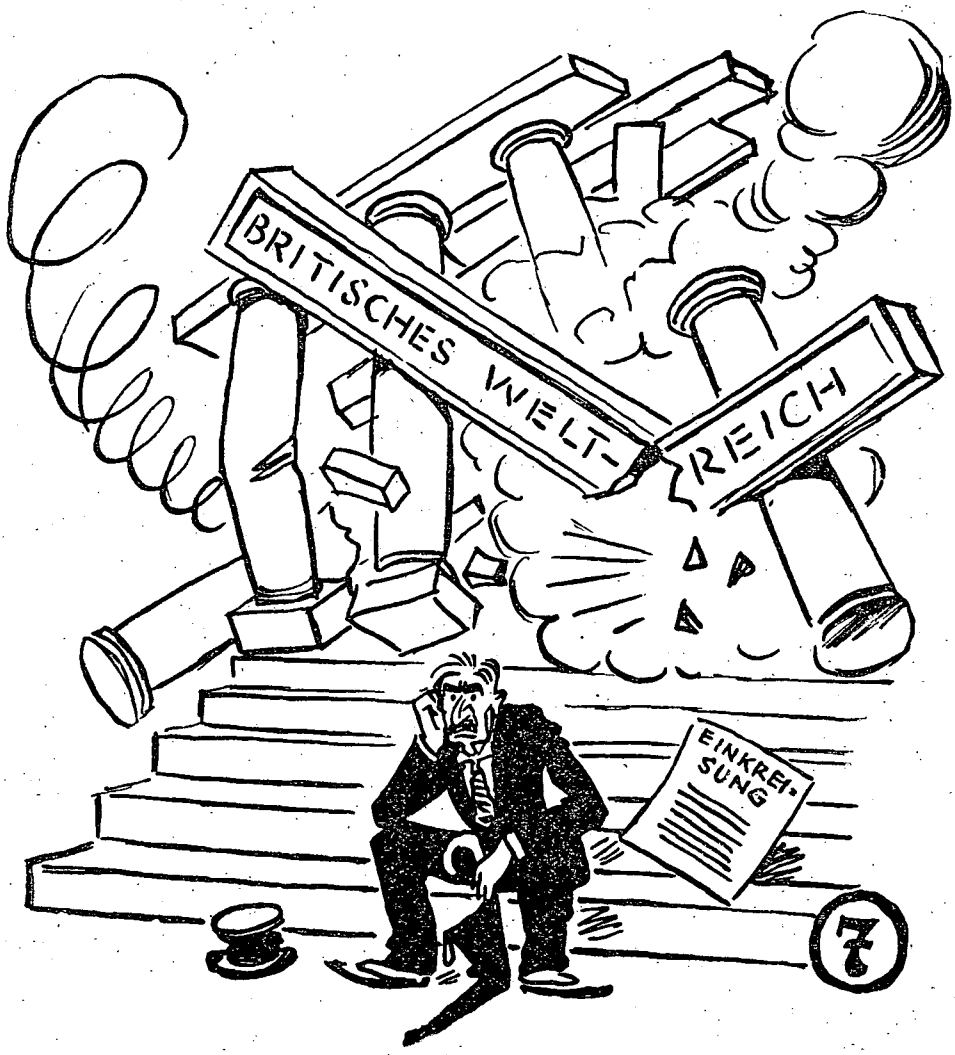
will never abandon its children and that it will always aid the mothers."

Our correspondent adds other arguments—that the older men have greater physical endurance, and he dwells on the hatred of England held by his generation of veterans. But the young men will close their ears to his arguments, because to substitute old men for themselves would be a challenge to their honor. And it would rob them of the privilege, in later days, of looking proudly into the eyes of their children. Their passion is to be a soldier *and* a father. We should add that their letters to us almost invariably begin with the words, "I love a girl. . . ."

The National Socialist State thinks and plans for centuries in advance. It demands from us children for the German Empire. In the plutocracies, the soldiers fight to protect the moneybags of a small, idle and propertied



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class. The crumb which is allotted the soldier is only the wage given to a mercenary. Such conditions cannot be compared with what the National Socialist State is offering.

Editor's Note: The foregoing is an argument in support of the recent order of Heinrich Himmler, chief of all police in the Reich, to German men, women and adolescents to produce more children—even, under certain circumstances, outside of wedlock. The order has been officially described as "an emergency measure designed to compensate for the losses of war," and the German press in recent weeks has vigorously defended "the unmarried mother as a matter of principle and morals."

The Himmler order went to considerable length to distinguish between "unmarried parents who act in consciousness of their racial responsibility, and those who are united only for frivolity."

It has apparently been disclosed since the Himmler decree that the number of citizens in the Reich who "are united only for frivolity" is as robust in numbers as anywhere else in the world. This unhappy disclosure provoked this warning in the *Schwarze Korps* (March 2):

"No man shall be able under the cover of 'racial tasks' to develop into a Don Juan and then say he did it 'for his people.' German women are not free game. Within the Elite Guard, care has been taken to see that respect for the German woman and mother remains the supreme law of a manly, chivalrous attitude toward life —if necessary by force. And we shall take care that this matter-of-course moral standard obtains the force of law outside our narrower confines as well—a law that does away with the seducer. . . .

"When an unmarried woman, in full consciousness of her responsibility and the burdens she assumes, is ready—for her people and the fulfillment of her own purpose of existence—to take upon herself the sacrifice of motherhood, then she will also select the man who is to be the worthy sire of her child, and there can never be the reproach of frivolity or irresponsibility against the man."

One of the unexpected consequences of the call for young fathers and willing young mothers has been a blossoming in the German press of unabashed classified-ads inserted by individuals frankly seeking assignations. The practice has been common in Germany and particularly in France for many years, but heretofore these paid notices in the Reich were phrased more or less obliquely—e.g., a male citizen would state he was in search of a cultivated partner "interested in music, blonde," or a "woman in middle thirties, interested in botany and long walks in the country." The current phraseology, however, is almost completely without reserve. Thus, in an issue of the *Dresdener Anzeiger:* "Independent, educated gentlewoman living alone, height five-feet nine, wishes to pass Christmas and New Year's holiday-week with a nice young man. Has her own apartment." Or, "Young, educated businessman in the dress-goods line wishes company of lady up to thirty-five years to spend week together at vacation resort and to accompany him on business journey to south Germany and Austria. Reply with full-length photograph."

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Discontent and disaffection in France's Eastern empire may lead to an uprising

Indo-Chinese Grow Restive

From *The Far Eastern Digest*, Hong Kong Fortnightly

INDO-CHINA seems peaceful under French rule. Under the jurisdiction of the Minister for Colonial Affairs in the home Government, the *Gouverneur General* administers one colony, four protectorates and one leased territory under six different administrative régimes. Excepting Cochin China which is the only colony, and Kwangchowwan which is a leased territory, native political régimes function side by side with French institutions in the four protectorates. So amicable seems to be the relation between the home and the native organizations that there appears to be no discontent or friction between them.

The frequent revolts and uprisings among natives which occurred in the earlier stages of the French rule have disappeared since the last armed revolt of native troops in the Yen-bay camp in 1930.

There are, however, circumstances indicative of various deep-seated antipathies, inconsistencies and uneasiness inherent in the colonial fabric, composed of entirely different races with entirely different traditions and cultures. There are indications that the calm and uneventfulness of Indo-China today will not remain.

Discontent and disaffection are latent in the *Colons Francais* and it is possible to discern their signs even in the existing situation. There has been more than one event in Indo-China which may well be taken as an indication of the uneasy sentiments in the dormant state. The recent Sino-Japanese conflict offered, as it were, physical instruments for observing such potentialities.

Public opinion in Indo-China is formed by Frenchmen and a limited number of native intellectuals steeped in French culture. When the Sino-Japanese conflict broke out, the masses were induced to hate Japan and sympathize with the Chinese. This type of public opinion is by no means the result of reasoned conclusions about the causes of the con-

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flict, or the circumstances surrounding them, but is purely a product of emotional reactions. A dominant factor is provided by the internal agony apparent in the French colony which is destined to come to the surface in various forms with the progress of the new situation in East Asia.

THERE can hardly be any country nowadays which has no political trouble. In the case of Indo-China, it is due to the fact that the country is "a colony." As the *Gouverneur General* of Indo-China himself laments, he is an *Administrateur* and not a *Homme d'Etat*. He is vested with powers to execute administrative affairs within the country in pursuance of the orders of the Colonial Secretary in the home Government. He has no power, however, to take on himself the authority of regulating the fate of 23,000,000 people in Indo-China in accordance with any political ideals of his own.

With all physical conditions for an independent State being provided in the vast expanse of land, far wider than the area of Japan and her colonies put together, and in the population of 23,000,000, even the supreme administrator of the land is not empowered to conduct diplomatic negotiations independently. All measures relating to the regulation of French Indo-China's foreign relations are handled, not in Hanoi, but in Paris. This is one of the most serious causes of complaint existing in French Indo-China.

The tenure of office for the Governor General is four years, and the administrator who is a "migratory statesman" is not empowered to dispose of the most important administrative affairs in the land which is nominally under his control.

Another serious political problem in French Indo-China arises from the manner in which the "will of the natives" is to be communicated to the "governor." The only equivalent to the legislature in a foreign country that can be found in French Indo-China is the *Grand Conseil des intérets économiques et financiers d'Indochine*, which is an advisory organ to the Governor General composed of representative French and native citizens. As universal suffrage is alien to the country, members of the Council are virtually subject to official appointment. There are no political parties represented on the Council. Its members are selected from the units of Government offices, official organizations, and commercial, industrial and agricultural associations or councils. It is only an advisory organ and by no means legislative. As its name signifies, matters subject to its deliberations are confined to general budgetary affairs, and military or foreign affairs are never referred to it.

The Governor General assumes responsibility only in relation to his home Government, and he is not in a position to commit himself to the Council. The Governor General, therefore, is capable of disregarding the Council's decisions if they do not commend themselves to him. All that the Council can do is to show to the powers-that-be the mass desire or hope by means of its resolutions.

The highest administrator in each protectorate is known as the *Résident Supérieur* and there is also an advisory organ for him called the

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Chambre des Représentants du Peuple which also has no legislative power.

One more cause of political unrest in Indo-China may be found in its possible representation to the home Government. It is only Cochin China which is pure territory of France, and which can send a representative to the National Assembly in France. Other parts of the country do not enjoy this privilege because they are protectorates. And yet under the present circumstances foreign relations often have more important effects on the people's lives than do domestic politics.

PERHAPS the most serious source of internal difficulties in Indo-China at present is connected with the settlement of various questions in military affairs. Different from political issues, military affairs immediately bear on the safety of the country.

Indo-China in the past has been supplied with her entire military expenses by the home Government, but this policy underwent a revolution last year. The army in Indo-China, under the command of a supreme commander, comprises 22,000 men of whom 11,000 belong to the expeditionary force detailed from France, while there is, in addition, one regiment of Foreign Legion. It is also provided with an air force and artillery.

The navy in French Indo-China includes the French Far Eastern Fleet and a flotilla led by a cruiser under the command of the Naval Commander in Indo-China. These fleets are guarding the entire coast of Indo-China extending over 2,000 miles, with Saigon as the base.

The French home Government early last year approved the appropriation for the construction of fortifications in Camran Bay or *Baie de Cam-Ranh* and construction has already been started in earnest. A new army airfield has been opened at Touraine and a plan for increasing the air force is proceeding at a rapid pace. The Governor General summoned an extraordinary session of the *Grand Conseil* and had it pass, with some amendment, the measure for increasing taxes for the purpose of perfecting national defence. The annual amount is 9,500,000 piastres. The war in Europe has excessively taxed the home country and French Indo-China is obliged to share the burden of financing its defences.

A plan is under way for the establishment of an aircraft factory, while a measure for setting up a blast-furnace is also under discussion.

At the Anglo-French defence parley at Singapore, with the leaders of the British and French military forces in the Far East attending, a joint defence plan was understood to have been discussed.

The construction of defences against air raids is secretly proceeding under strict guard near the border between Tonkin Province and China. Indo-China is thus endeavoring in all earnest to attain perfection in the national defences.

Subject to similar anxieties, Britain has definitely responded to the moves from French Indo-China. It may almost be said that Britain felt more keenly than French Indo-China the need of establishing a joint front, and her attitude became even more positive. Prompted by the same motives,

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Britain and France began to move simultaneously. The United States, however, has not committed herself in any definite way. America may not abandon her hope to maintain the advantageous position of a third party. Herein lies one source of anxiety for French Indo-China, and also for Britain. Both Britain and France have their home lands thousands of miles away from the Far East. While they must face the powerful German-Italian Axis in Europe, the two powers have reasons to worry about the efficiency of their possible joint strategy without the participation of the United States. It is evident that none of the British territories in East Asia including Hong Kong, Singapore, and India nor French Indo-China is provided with an effective munitions industry, so that in case of emergency it would have to depend on its own resources, should the munitions-supply route with the home country become interrupted.

The most serious defect in the internal machinery of national defence is due to the almost complete absence of munitions industries in French Indo-China. Indo-China at present is unable to institute any effective plan of strategy without the supply of munitions from its mother country. It is void of any facilities for heavy industries, while skilled labor cannot possibly be employed from among the natives. It is a well-known fact that skilled labor cannot be trained in a day or two. While thus lacking both productive organs and labor, another serious question arises from the supply of raw materials. Most of the so-called natural resources in the country are still nothing but potential concessions docketed in the register book, and any enterprise to develop them in reality has yet to be attempted.

It is doubtful that France has made maximum efforts for the development of industries in French Indo-China since it came into the Empire's domain. The French will say railways have been constructed, roads have been opened, harbors have been created, and a vast amount of money is annually invested in irrigation enterprises. Efforts are also being made to develop natural resources. All this is true. But any estimation of the industrial developments of a modern country must be made in comparison with those of other countries.

Indo-China is lagging behind other countries in the Far East, including China, Japan, India and Siam, in industrial developments. It would be hard to find any establishments worthy of modern industries, although there are a number of small-scale spinning factories, breweries, match manufactories and cement factories in the country. The coal mines at Hongay northwest of Hanoi are the only mining enterprises in Indo-China. The principal interests in the existing or potential industries are owned by French and they will be developed as the protective enterprises of the French Indo-China Government. It is also to be noted that any undertakings tending to overlap or prejudice the industries in the home country are either excluded from the colony or subject to strict restrictions. One very serious crisis at present faces the monocultural system of agriculture of which rice constitutes the principal objective.

Indo-China, together with Siam

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and Burma, is one of the three major countries in East Asia exporting rice. Rice accounts for more than 90 per cent of Indo-China's agricultural products. There are other kinds of agricultural products in the country such as maize, sweet potatoes, coffee, and pepper. Steady progress has been made in the growing of gum-trees.

The greater part of the peasants in the country, however, are subsisting on rice and rice-growing. The importance of rice as the principal export of Indo-China will not be shaken for years to come. The annual excess of exports over imports, amounting to about 60,000,000 piastres, is mainly attributed to rice.

Serious anxiety has begun to be felt concerning the export of rice from Indo-China in recent years. The frontier disputes with Burma and Siam are understood to furnish one factor, but the most important cause is the gradual contraction of markets in various Far Eastern countries which form the chief customers for Indo-Chinese rice. Efforts are being made in Oriental countries to effect self-sufficiency in rice. Japan, for instance, has attained complete self-sufficiency and can manage without importing a single grain of rice. Even China, which is the greatest customer for Indo-Chinese rice, makes great distinction in importing rice between the rich and the lean years. While overseas markets are thus unstable, great strain has been brought to bear on the export of rice from Indo-China to China as the result of the Japanese blockade of the China coast. Another serious circumstance threatening the foundation of Indo-China's agricultural economy is due to constant fluctuations in the price of rice, which recently continued to decline.

CONFRONTED with multiplying circumstances prejudicial to the farming culture of the country, French authorities are understood to be earnestly endeavoring to cultivate new markets in the Far East and other parts of the world. It is reported that steps are being taken with a view to making remedial purchases of Indo-Chinese rice by the home country and other colonies of the Empire. The latest statistics available show that 60 per cent of the exports of rice from Indo-China are destined for France proper where, the French being unable to live on rice, most of the imports are used to feed cattle and fowl. As such methods are apparently anomalous, it is considered necessary to institute effective measures for the rehabilitation of the colony's agriculture.

The proposed rehabilitation is, however, attended by many difficulties. Possible measures are under contemplation for transforming the monoculture into a "polygonal system." Discouraging influences against the proposed renovation of agricultural management are not few, however, when one takes into consideration the straitened circumstances of farmers, the primitive methods of farming culture, lack of banking facilities for agrarian communities, scarcity of capital and the parasitic exploitation of farming villages by Chinese usurers. The rice, on which 95 per cent of the native population are living, will define the fate of the national economy of Indo-Chinese people.

There is reason to believe that

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France's intention in colonizing Indo-China lies not so much in developing Indo-China itself as in making it a foothold from which economic adventures on China and other parts of the Orient may be launched with effect. There are indications that all economic policies introduced in the country, including railway construction, harbor construction, road building, irrigation works and others, are apparently aimed at accelerating the progress of France's economic influences through the Far East, although they are not without some benefit to Indo-China itself.

Recent developments in the Far East, however, have gone to repudiate the French Government's traditional policies, and the economy of Indo-China today is becoming an additional burden to that of the home country.

There is a phrase *"Retour de France,"* prevalent in Indo-China. It is a general term indicating the so-called intellectual natives who have returned to their native land after studying in France at private or public expense. Sometimes it conveys contemptuous or restive sentiments. It was the policy of the French Government, established at the very beginning of the French rule, that Indo-China should be assimilated to the advanced culture in France. Promising youths are selected from among the natives and sent to France for study. Back home, they serve as *bona fide* "links" binding the natives and the French people. Efforts are also being made in Indo-China itself to diffuse French education and culture among natives.

It is a question whether the influences of Chinese culture—a culture which is several thousand years old—will be replaced or assimilated by the culture of a Western nation which has few things in common with the native.

The so-called *"Retour de France"* have deviated from the French expectations. They were intended to become the champions of French culture and to form strong bonds between Indo-China and France. As it is, however, they have learned only the superficial aspects of the home culture and, without digesting its substance, have simply been enamored of Gallicism. Met in disgust by their native brothers, they isolate themselves from the disappointed and contemptuous multitude and form a special layer of the mass, bubbling on the surface of society.

There may be many other sources of disturbance in Indo-China. Since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict, various problems inherent in the country are not only increasing in number, but deepening and widening, even to the eyes of outsiders. Most of the problems are not likely to reach complete settlement in the immediate future. The quietness apparent on the surface is being maintained by virtue of strong powers of restriction. Faced with such a critical situation, Indo-China will have to go deep into the real causes of various inconsistencies to promote lasting peace and tranquillity.

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Allied warships may fight their way down the Kattegat to break deadlock

Dardanelles in the Baltic

By FRANCIS ROWSOME

A BLOCKADE is a slow, blind weapon. Like progressive poisoning, it can ultimately produce either sudden collapse or permanent resistance. And for a long interval no man can be sure which will result. During the last seven years Germany has worked intensively to render herself blockade-proof. Considering her national talents, it is quite possible she has succeeded, at least in sufficient degree to confront the Allies with a tremendous problem in grand strategy. Britain and France may well be faced with a bitter choice between signing an inconclusive peace or waging offensive war.

If it is to be offensive war, the Baltic area is the place to watch.

In 1915 the British flirted with a daring experiment in strategy. The Admiralty developed a plan to force the Baltic, to interrupt Germany's vital commerce with the northern neutrals, and to land expeditionary forces on the German coast in several different places. It was a risky conception, and promised either spectacular gains or spectacular losses. The War Council, after repeated consideration, shelved the plan in favor of the Dardanelles campaign. Whether or not this was a wise decision no man knows; but certainly the Baltic plan could have brought no more costly failure than did the Dardanelles adventure.

The Englishman who first advocated a Baltic attack on Germany was no armchair strategist. He was John Arbuthnot, First Baron Fisher, and First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. He planned a three-point offensive. A special naval force was to fight its way down the Kattegat into the Baltic, and make for Riga, the then Russian port on the eastern shore. If its fighting strength remained unimpaired, this fleet would then embark a Russian expeditionary force which would be landed on the Pomeranian beaches, ninety miles from Berlin. Other troops might be landed in Schleswig-Holstein

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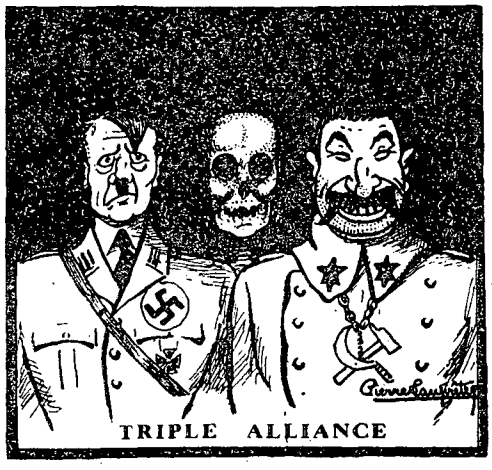
to threaten the Kiel Canal. Simultaneously with the first contact in the Kattegat, other British ships would make heavy raids and tentative landings along Germany's North Sea coastline. This, Lord Fisher believed, would bring into operation the third part of his plan: the German High Seas Fleet would be forced to battle under conditions of Britain's choosing.

Armed with persuasive arguments, Lord Fisher fought for his plan with all the tenacity at his disposal. It was stupid, he felt, for Britain to possess a greater naval strength than Germany's without using it directly. The conception of a "moderate war" was a contradiction in terms. There would be a bloody stalemate on the Western Front, and disastrous failure would come of the Dardanelles effort. In his opinion, this last venture was like trying to cut off Germany's toe. A Baltic venture was really less of a gamble because of its success even in failure: that is, the diversion of enemy forces, plus the chance to defeat the High Seas Fleet, would come whatever the immediate success. Finally he found historical arguments. The plan was in the direct tradition of Britain's most glorious naval exploits. (Lord Fisher felt a strong kinship with Nelson, and never forgot that hero's triumph at Copenhagen.) And from the time of Frederick the Great, Germany had been conscious of a vulnerability in the Baltic.

The First Sea Lord's enthusiasm took practical form. As administrative head of the Admiralty, he began the construction of 612 ships to form the striking force. Most of these were mine-sweepers, subchasers, motor-barges and destroyers, but the number included five fast, shallow-draft battle cruisers of advanced design. (It was one of these ships, rebuilt as an aircraft carrier, which was Britain's first major loss in the present war—the *Courageous*.)

But Lord Fisher was constantly overridden in the War Council. Russia had asked Britain to divert Turkish pressure, and Winston Churchill preached the strategic values of forcing the Dardanelles. Moving by compromises and by plans accepted "in principle," never making a clear decision, the War Council gradually committed itself to the Dardanelles campaign. Finally, in May 1915, Lord Fisher resigned. The immediate cause was friction with Churchill, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty. There is little doubt, however, that the basic reason for Lord Fisher's retirement was the shelving of his dream.

There were, of course, valid objections to the Baltic plan. So delicately balanced and daring an expedition would require the utmost secrecy, yet the hugeness of the necessary preparations made complete secrecy impossible. Experts were by no means sure that a joint military-naval attack



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could be efficiently co-ordinated, particularly with the added handicap of a language bar between the two forces. There was doubt if the Russians could advance fast enough to secure their bases from heavy fire, and doubt if the Russians could advance at all. Most pressing question was the German navy's strength; if it was stronger than had been thought, any weakening of the British Grand Fleet could be dangerous. So as Lord Fisher's new ships were completed, they were simply added to the British forces.

Other objections arose. The Kattegat was narrow and exceedingly difficult to navigate: Through the intricate straits between Denmark and Sweden was but one channel deep enough for capital ships. Germany was known to have an agreement with Denmark which permitted the mining of this channel. Land fortifications and submarines remained an unknown threat. The Kiel Canal permitted the rapid concentration of a German fleet. To experienced army men, the idea of a serious invasion of Germany by Baltic-based Russians seemed unrealistic.

A CURRENT allied plan to break into the Baltic must face two difficult and new problems. Most obvious difference is the changed position of Russia; there is now no Russian base where damaged British warships may refit, and no Russian soldiers to be launched in Pomerania. Instead, Russian hostility remains an ever-present threat. But the possibility of securing a base somewhere else in the Baltic, perhaps from Sweden or Finland, does not seem too remote at present. With it, the attack could have a chance.

Yet without this base no military-naval venture could hope to succeed. Because of the Dardanelles tragedy, professional soldiers do not favor a landing upon enemy shores except under ideal conditions—a demoralized enemy, an easy coastline, a nearby base, etc. Certainly the Reichwehr's skill and morale would make landings under Lord Fisher's pattern a suicidal business. So great is the strength of modern defensive weapons that the attack must have every conceivable advantage.

The other new problem, of course, is the air. That endlessly discussed question about bombs and battleships is irrelevant; local control of the air, at least, would be required for any successful move into the Baltic. Because mine-sweepers, submarines, supply ships, repair ships and all the lesser elements of a fleet have to be protected, because enemy submarines have to be spotted, because land fortifications have to be silenced, and because secrecy of maneuver must be retained, this local air control is an absolute necessity. The problem is peculiarly difficult for the British since their naval air-arm, as a separately constituted force, is not strong.

If these were the only changes which twenty-five years have brought, the Baltic would doubtless remain untested. Nevertheless, other developments now favor attack, and they may be significant. The first is the relative unimportance of the modern German navy. Reportedly, Germany now has but seven capital ships, of which two are obsolete and two others in use as raiders. In 1914 she had forty-seven cruisers, while today she has eight; 140 destroyers flew her flag then, while today she has thirty-two. These

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are excellent, up-to-date ships, skilfully manned. But they could not possibly resist the British in a formal North Sea fight. Whether they can do so in the Kattegat is a question for the Admiralty to ponder.

Another powerful incentive for a Baltic naval attack is the fact that that bleak little sea is a vital gap in the Allied blockade. In the last war a constant flow of lumber, foodstuffs, and particularly Swedish iron ore moved down to sustain Germany. This time Russia has enormously increased the importance of the Baltic as a means of supply. Considering the inadequacy of Russian railroads to handle vast tonnages, there is little question that Germany must depend heavily on cargo ships docking at Stettin and Hamburg. If this traffic might be stopped, the Allies could consider the war essentially won.

The link between the strategist's vision and reality is the tactician; and the verdict here depends upon the opinion of British and French experts. That defensive minefields and patrols were not completely effective last September was shown by the escape to England of three Polish destroyers. During 1915-16 Britain was able to maintain some nine submarines in the Baltic, sneaking them in through the sound off Copenhagen, and using the Russian port of Reval to refit. There is some evidence that Britain is testing the modern defences, since more than once have cruiser squadrons been reported in the Skagerrak. Fundamentally, however, the problem hinges on air control. In the last war, control of the air changed hands a number of times, and we have no assurance that it will not change again.

One reputable authority has suggested that Britain might invade Denmark, in order to control the upper reaches of the Kattegat, as well as to secure effective naval and air bases. The suggestion seems within reason —if you don't happen to be a Dane— because it represents a logical prelude to the main effort. One thing, however, is sure: Britain will not be able to accomplish this with her normal blend of heroism and blunders. For once the intention becomes plain, Germany herself could invade Denmark to forestall the move. And then the unestablished invader would be in a desperate position.

ON THE record in this century, few occupations are more idle than attempting to read the minds of a general staff. You can merely examine possibilities, and wait for actualities. In this most exceptional war, nevertheless, the spectator does have one clue with which to pry into these gold-braided minds. That clue is the identity of the nation which takes the initiative.

If Germany forces the war, if she makes a sudden irruption into Belgium or Holland or Switzerland, the inescapable implication is that the Allied blockade has begun to strangle her existence. No other way can show as clearly the quantity of supplies reaching her from the north, from eastern Europe, and from Russia. But if she is content to defend herself, leaving to the Allies the problem of storming a concrete and steel defence-in-depth, you may well watch for gunfire in the Baltic. Because however unsure and delicate are the chances of attack there, they are still more promising than any desperate and bloody inching against the West Wall.

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Notes and Comments

French in Uneasy Lessons

The letters which have been urging better provision for teaching French to our Army will fall on far less stony ground than they would have done some years ago. We have shed much insularity; we no longer talk with amused surprise, as did Mr. Meagles, of "allonging" and "marchonging"; we really should like to be able to talk French. Sometimes, indeed, our fault is not that we do not want to talk it but that we vastly exaggerate our powers of doing so. There are those who think that if they use exclusively English nouns, no verbs, and a French preposition or two, and shout this singular mixture very loud, they are doing all that is necessary to make themselves understood by any reasonably intelligent foreigner.

Du Maurier, who was at his delicious best in all forms of Anglo-French, was a master of this style. Memory fondly recalls a picture buried somewhere in an old *Punch,* and not inappropriate to our recent weather, of the mistress enumerating to the new French nurserymaid a series of errands. She ends, roughly speaking, with the words: "Et dites au iron-monger, vis-à-vis de l'Underground Railway, vous savez, que le kitchen boiler est—est——." At this point her vocabulary fails her, but the nurserymaid comes to the rescue with: "Est burrst. Bien, Madame." There is a rather more advanced school which refusing to stoop to the idiom, believes an entirely literal translation to be all that can be required. There is a du Maurier picture—it is difficult to resist quoting them forever—in which are combined both these schools. An irate Briton protesting to the hotel keeper about his bill exclaims: "Oh, oui, je paye—pour la matière de cela je paye; mais juste vous regardez ici et juste vous markez mes mots, je paye, mais je mette dans le *Times.*"

—*The Times,* London

Ready Reckoning

At the beginning of the war, official quarters were rightly criticized for a certain vagueness in their communications to the public. It is pleasant to see that this is now being rectified. It is only in small things, but then it is with small things that a beginning should be made, is it not? and when the King and Queen visited the London Hippodrome, we were allowed to know that the cheering lasted for "a little over two and a half minutes." Well over half a minute would give us forty-five seconds (fifty would presumably have been "nearly three minutes"). A *little* over half a minute may therefore be taken as between thirty and forty-five sec-

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onds, and it seems to me that such measuring of seconds on such an occasion is only another instance of that preciseness, that scientific accuracy, let alone attention to small details, without which we should not, as a nation, be where we are.

—*Life and Letters Today,* London

Nazi Therapeutics

Shell-shock is unmistakable proof of an anti-social attitude. It is wrong to reward these shirkers by keeping them outside the danger zone. They may stay at the hospital for a short time, but this hospital must not be too near their homes, in order not to expose them to the demoralizing influence of friends and relatives. The attitude which the common man takes toward these "unhappy invalids" makes it impossible to bring them back to the front. To look at these "invalids" might be damaging to the morale of troops. It will, therefore, be necessary to gather these patients in special formations, which will have to be employed not too far behind the front.

—*Muenchener Medizinische Wochenschrift*

Double Talk, Soviet Style

"Aviators of the Soviet Union are ready at any instant, together with all the other armed workers and peasants of the U.S.S.R., to rescue any peoples who are victims of fascist aggression and are forced into a hand-to-hand struggle to preserve their independence."

—*L'Humanité,* Paris Communist organ

The Diplomatic Approach

From the personal organ of Count Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister:

"The Russians are not a people in any way comparable to us Italians. They comprise a unique species of the human animal, excellent as material for the execution squad, ideal people to deport, and otherwise suitable targets for a collective kick in the pants."

—*Il Telegrafo,* Leghorn

English Tact

By an unfortunate slip, a public man referred publicly the other day to so-and-so as "the oldest living statesman in the British Cabinet."

—*Daily Express,* London

He's Counter-Revolutionary

Moscow *(Havas)*—The temperature has fallen to 40 below. Many persons have been found frozen in the streets. Traffic has been slowed, and the bakeries have insufficient bread.

Since the cold winter has caused great difficulties, especially with respect to the war with Finland, Stalin has dismissed the chief of the meteorological service in the U.S.S.R.

—*Berlingske Tidende,* Copenhagen

British Ideal

I suppose that in the course of his long, honorable and fruitful service in this country Lord Halifax has committed mistakes. The ideal British statesman must commit mistakes.

—*Yorkshire Evening News*

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Economically, modern Gaul is better off than either her ally or her foe

The War Sinews of France Today

By V. S. SWAMINATHAN

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

ALL along the line France is stronger today than twenty-five years ago. During the last war the enemy advanced over the whole Lorraine field, shutting off virtually all of France's iron ore. At the same time, Germany's offensive through Liège, Charleroi, Mons and Valenciennes cut off the best part of France's coal-supply. Between 1913 and 1918 the French output of coal declined from 41 to 26 million metric tons, iron ore from 22 to a mere 2 million tons, pig iron from 5 to a bare million tons and raw steel from 5 to 2 millions. This time France has carried the war into German territory instead of having to submit to the ruin and demoralization consequent upon invasion. Today France possesses a stock of gold double that of 1914, an industry intact, not as it was then behind the enemy lines, and an Empire whose economic potential has vastly increased in the last quarter of a century.

So far as foodstuffs are concerned France is undoubtedly much nearer to self-sufficiency than any other great industrial nation on the Continent. Domestic production of grains, sugar, butter and milk is more or less adequate to cover home requirements. Of 19.1 million metric tons of solid food consumed by Frenchmen last year only 1.7 million tons were imported from both the French Empire (largely North African possessions) and foreign countries; the share of the latter amounted to a paltry 527,000 tons. The two items imported in sizable quantities in 1938 were maize (712,000 tons) and rice (549,000 tons, mostly from French Indo-China). Of 65 million hectolitres of wines Frenchmen drink, 16.5 millions come from Algeria and practically none from foreign sources. The life-line to French North Africa remains, however, as important for the transport of foodstuffs—cereals, fruits, vegetables, wines and cattle products—and phosphatic fertilizers, as for the transport of troops. Further-

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more, France has accumulated large emergency reserves of wheat, sugar, frozen and chilled meat and butter. These reserve stocks in conjunction with domestic production insure that French food supplies are ample to cover all contingencies.

The supply of iron ore and scrap is more secure in France than in any other of the countries of Western Europe. While in terms of tonnage Germany has to import two-thirds of her iron-ore requirements and Great Britain almost one-third, France can get along with imports of rich hematite and magnetite ores totalling only some two per cent of her consumption. Her output of iron ore averaged 34.6 million tons during the last three years, and nearly half of her production is exported, chiefly to Belgium and Luxemburg and Germany. In 1913 the Metz-Thionville area of Lorraine alone supplied 21 out of 28.5 million tons of iron ore needed by Germany. Today, the Alsace-Lorraine field lies safely behind the Maginot Line, and Luxemburg is the only region that could easily be overrun by the Reich. And, unlike Germany and Great Britain, which must import large quantities of scrap, France has actually an exportable surplus of this material. She ranks fifth in point of steel production. During the first half of the year [just past] France produced 3,965,000 tons of raw steel, and the total capacity of her steel plants at 10 million tons is more than ample to satisfy home requirements. On the other hand, the domestic coalfields do not suffice, quantitatively or as regards quality, to meet French needs. While her output of coal amounted to 46.5 million tons last year, her annual imports average some 20 million tons. Before the outbreak of war her surplus iron ores were exported in return for industrial coke from Belgium and Germany. Arrangements are now well under way to supply British coal of the required quality to our Ally across the Channel.

FRANCE is in very much the same position as Great Britain in the matter of oil supplies. In 1938 domestic output of crude petroleum amounted to 72,000 tons and retained imports 56 million barrels, or 8 million tons. Of the imports 55 per cent came from the countries of the New World and the balance from the Middle East, the East Indies and European countries. Iraq supplied 3,350,000 tons, and the United States 2,980,000. In an emergency the proportions coming from across the Atlantic and *via* the Mediterranean could be altered without difficulty, since France has adequate installations along the Atlantic and Channel ports to receive increased supplies. The successive post-war French Governments have increased the capacity of the tanker fleet, created stocks at home, erected a large national refinery and fostered, within limits imposed by financial considerations, the production of synthetic motor fuels. At the present time France owns 50 tanks, with an aggregate capacity of 318,000 gross tons, stocks at home amount approximately to 3 million tons, and the capacity of the refineries exceeds 7 million tons. The domestic production of oil from lignite hydrogenation is of the best aviation quality and is reserved for the use of the French Air Force. As long as the Allied Navies have

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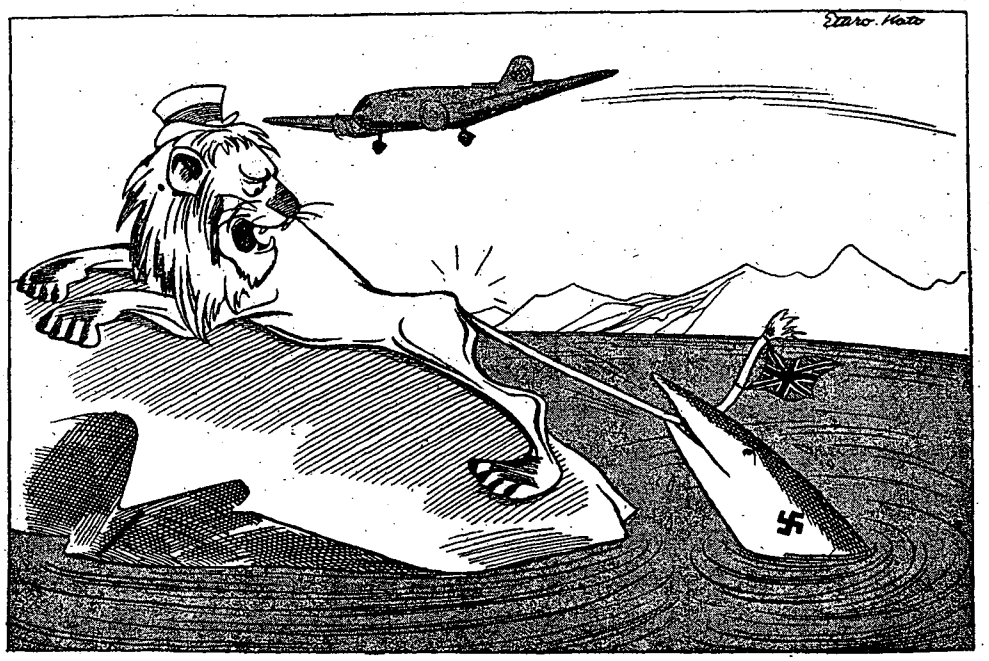
command over the sea-routes the French, no less than the British, oil supplies are assured. The French chemical industry has grown in stature and strength in the last 25 years. It is now virtually independent of sea-borne Chilean nitrates for manufacturing nitric acid, explosives and fertilizers. Today France possesses a thriving synthetic dyestuffs industry and produces a wide range of pharmaceutical and photographic preparations.

She is the second largest producer in the world of potash, a commodity employed in the manufacture of fertilizers and explosives and esteemed for its medicinal value.

In addition to foodstuffs her colonies provide France with 93 per cent of natural phosphates, 70 per cent of pure oils, 54 per cent of tobacco and large amounts of oilnuts and seeds; she is mainly dependent on outside sources for rubber, sulphur, tea and coffee, and also for copper, tin, manganese, jute, cotton, wool, wood pulp, maize, olive oil and linen. France gets her copper from Belgium and the United States; lead from Spain, Belgium and Mexico; zinc from Belgium and Norway; tin from Holland and sulphur from America. On the other hand, France is producer of certain commodities, either not available in the British Empire at all or inaccessible to British markets, such as bauxite, Alsatian potash, North African rock phosphate, Moroccan molybdenum and Algerian antimony. Thus the two nations can give each other valuable support in the economic field.

With her war chest full, territory intact and industries mobilized, France, economically the best balanced of all the industrial countries of Europe, alongside of Britain can face a major war of long duration confident of ultimate success.



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Bessarabia, Balkan Stepchild

From *De Groene Amsterdammer*, Progressive Weekly

IN 1812, after Bessarabia had been "delivered" by Russia from "the pagan yoke of Turkey," Czar Alexander I decreed that all church bells be rung, "as God has given Russia not only new territory, but also an important strategic position on the Danube." For more than a century Bessarabia remained an unassimilated province, so little Russified that in 1917 when the Russian Revolution broke out, half its population of 3,000,000 was still Rumanian, only about a quarter Russian, Ukrainian and Ruthenian, and the balance were Polish, German, Bulgarian and Jewish. Bessarabia promptly seized the chance to declare for autonomy and appealed to Rumania for military aid. This was granted on condition of eventual annexation, and on November 27, 1918, the *Sfatul Tarei* or National Council voted for unconditional union with Rumania. Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan confirmed the annexation in 1920, but the Soviet Union refused to recognize it. The diplomatic battle over Bessarabia between Russia and Rumania has dragged on ever since. [Reports of an imminent non-aggression pact between the two countries were current early this month.]

Bessarabia's political freedom has been her economic ruination, for it has cut her off from her natural Russian market. Bucharest, on the other hand, did not know what to do with her new province. Bessarabia's soil is rich and produces wheat, corn, tobacco, vegetables, fruit and wine. The south has great herds of cattle. The rivers are well-stocked with fish and the forests with game. Besides this, there are salt mines and marble quarries. But there are no means of communication between Rumania and Bessarabia. The province has no harbor. The River Dniester, the natural outlet to the Black Sea, and Bessarabia's common border with Russia, cannot be used, as the Russians forbid it. The River Prut, which forms the connection with the Danube, cannot be navigated. Bessarabia's roads are mudholes, and the province's few miles of railroad have the wide Russian gauge and, therefore, no direct connection with the general net of the Rumanian railways. There is only one direct connection between Chisinau and Bucharest.

Besides this, Rumania does not need Bessarabia's products, as other, more favorably situated provinces produce the same commodities. Therefore, dissatisfaction is strong in Bessarabia and communist propaganda is active. In 1919 a peasant revolt broke out near Kothine, which was followed in 1925 by the revolt of Tatar Bounar. The Government had much difficulty suppressing them, and they led to the well-known trials of Communists inside and outside of Rumania.

Things seemed to be about to im-

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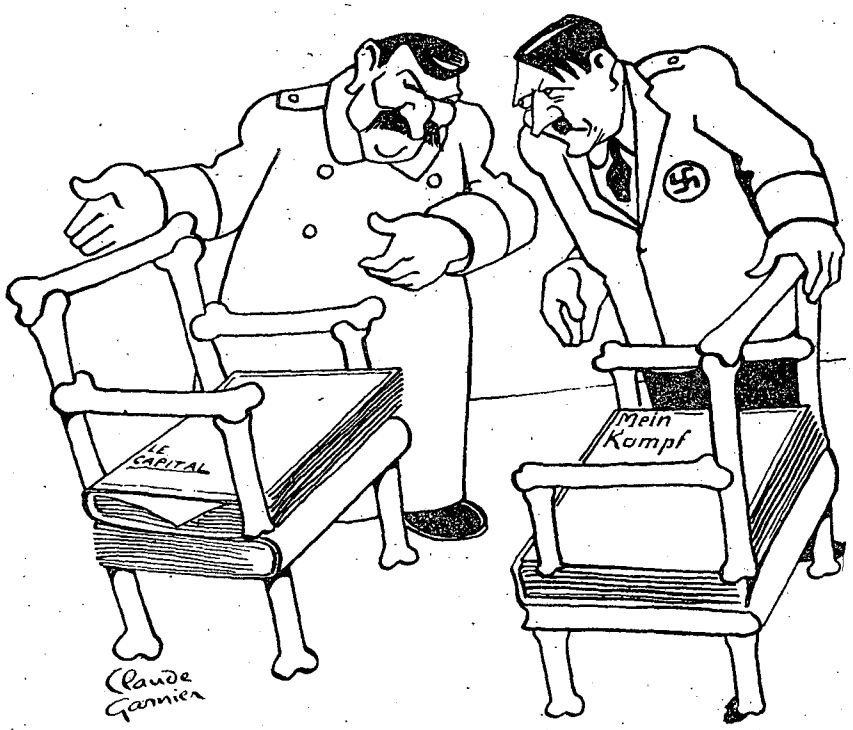
prove in 1934 when Jon Inculetz, who in 1918 had been a leader in effecting the unification, became Minister of the Interior. But the radical leader of 1918 was now just another reactionary minister. At the same time, Bessarabia was further stricken by a crop failure. Thousands died and tens of thousands more swarmed into Moldavia and Wallachia to offer their work for a piece of bread. Many fell victim to an epidemic of spotted fever. Their only relief came from the International Red Cross.

Having no real money, the Bessarabians proceeded to counterfeit it, and throughout 1935 Rumania was swamped in a great offensive of counterfeit money. The confusion was general, as it was difficult to recognize the false from the genuine, and the Government was forced to accept it as coinage until it could get it withdrawn from circulation.

IN SPITE of their unhappy lot as Rumanians, the majority in Bessarabia do not want to return to Russia. They hear from the many refugees who succeed in crossing the river that things are even worse there. Though on the basis of "self-determination of peoples" Bessarabia is undoubtedly Rumanian, she still possesses that "strategic position on the Danube" for which Alexander thanked God, and Russia's historic claim to the territory might serve, as well as any other pretext, for the Red Army to invade the Balkans.



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Persons and Personages

The Resilient Dr. Meissner

By Lucien Corosi

From *De Groene Amsterdammer,* Progressive Weekly

One of the most accomplished and wiliest of the men with whom Hitler has surrounded himself is Reich Minister Dr. Otto Meissner, Secretary of State for the Chancellery. Other high officials in the Nazi hierarchy fall from the Führer's favor, but Dr. Meissner goes on for ever. He has been secretary to three Presidents, the socialist, Fritz Ebert, the monarchist Field Marshal von Hindenburg, and the fascist Hitler. Politically speaking, doubtless no more resilient creature exists today, and it speaks a great deal for his astuteness that he has served in all these régimes and succeeded in keeping his head in one piece with his torso.

Dr. Meissner [who served as cicerone to Under-Secretary Sumner Welles in Berlin] is abnormally tall in figure and gaunt in face. He is one of the most enigmatic figures in the Nazi Reich. He is one of the few Alsatians to become entirely and fanatically Germanized and who, to demonstrate his devotion to the Nazis, never overlooks an opportunity to demonstrate it resoundingly. He is more chauvinistic, more Prussian, than the authentic Junker born to the manner.

Dr. Meissner served as an officer on the eastern front during 1915-18; after the Armistice he was assigned to "investigate" the possibilities of creating an independent Ukraine which was, of course, to become a vassal of Germany; in 1919-20 he shouted the virtues of Social Democracy; in 1925 he turned monarchist and joined the retinue of Marshal von Hindenburg, and by natural inclination and instinct joined the coterie of General von Schleicher (later assassinated by the Nazis), Colonel Franz von Papen (the present Ambassador to Turkey, who miraculously escaped liquidation) and Oscar von Hindenburg, the old general's son. As a matter of political convenience he turned Nazi in 1933, when Hitler seized power, and became chief apostle of the *Drang Nach Osten.* He is a sort of modern-day and non-literary Machiavelli: for example, he bemuses the Soviet ambassador with flattery while trying to blow life into an anti-Soviet revolt in the Ukraine. At sixty, he regards his

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political inconsistencies with amusement, and considers his career as a masterpiece of sardonic humor. There may be more acutely intelligent persons in the Reich, but they are not to be readily found.

Otto Meissner was born on March 13, 1880, at Bischwiller, Alsace. He studied at the University of Strasbourg, where he belonged to the anti-French, Pan-Germanistic Germania fraternity. He became a member of the civil service, first as a court official and later as a state councillor. In 1914 he held a high position with the railroads of Alsace-Lorraine. Shortly thereafter he was commissioned and sent to the Russian front. General von Ludendorff's adviser, the famous adventurer Parvus, one day met the young officer. Parvus liked the Alsatian, who was ambitious, oblique, intelligent and free of scruples. He commended him to Ludendorff. At that time, Ludendorff was in need of officers who could exploit the sentiments of the population.

Von Ludendorff kept Meissner beside him. For three years he profited by the talents of the young diplomat, who was as dexterous as he was undaunted. After the Kaiser's abdication, Parvus, who always liked to fish in troubled waters, went to Berlin and took Meissner with him.

"I'll be able to do a lot for you," he told his protégé, "only you must become a member of the Social Democratic party. Rather today than tomorrow. Your career is at stake. Now or never."

His career is more important to Meissner than his Catholic faith. "Comrade" Meissner, specialist in Russian matters, was received in an audience by Friedrich Ebert, the Reich President. The President appointed him minister plenipotentiary to the Ukraine. It was important to the naïve and honest Ebert, one-time saddle-maker, to have the Ukraine "supervised" with an eye to future economic co-operation. Even then Meissner had in mind a Russo-German military alliance against the Western powers which stand in the way of German influence in Russia.

Successful in his Ukraine assignment, Meissner was appointed a State Councillor in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but was attached to President Ebert's office, and became one of Ebert's most influential advisers. The former saddle-maker was an enthusiastic advocate of French-German amity. Meissner was not fond of France, favored passive resistance in the Ruhr, and non-payment of reparations. His influence was discernable in all of Ebert's decisions. At the same time, Meissner intrigued against Ebert.

After Ebert's death, Hindenburg inherited the Alsatian. In 1925, the year of Hindenburg's election, Meissner was appointed permanent Under-Secretary of State to act as personal aide to the President. Some people were naïve enough to believe that the Social Democratic Meissner would make things difficult for the aged field marshal. They did not know the ambitious Meissner. His first step was to resign from the Socialist party and move into the camp of the anti-republicans. Within a short time, he became the confidant of von Hindenburg. He became even closer to Oscar von Hindenburg—to work on the father by manipulating the son. Everybody knows that Meissner also entertained close connections with the

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right wing of the Catholic Centrist party, joining forces with Bruening and von Papen.

Everyone has read something of the role which von Papen, Oscar von Hindenburg and Otto Meissner played during the struggle to bring the Nazis to power. When they triumphed in 1933, von Papen was rewarded with the office of Vice Chancellor, Oscar von Hindenburg received extensive tracts of land in East Prussia, while the "faithful" Meissner, the former Social Democrat, was made Hitler's secretary-general.

In this capacity, Meissner laid the foundation for Germany's reconciliation with Poland, which was crowned by Hitler's agreement with Pilsudski in 1934. When in 1938 he was elevated to the position of Minister of State, Meissner re-embraced his plan to partition the Ukraine. This plan was submitted in 1939 to Colonel Joseph Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister. When Beck refused to have anything to do with the plot, Meissner advised Hitler to entrust von Papen with the task of opening pact negotiations with the Soviet Union. After this success, Meissner, who with von Ribbentrop had changed from an enemy of the Soviets to an advocate of friendship, urged an invasion of Poland upon the Führer.

Dr. Meissner is not shy of the spotlight, and by reason of his commanding figure and his somewhat theatrical personality he does not go unnoticed. But he plays down the fact of his considerable influence with Hitler, and it is rarely suggested even in the foreign press. Marshal Göring is commonly believed to have more influence over the Führer than anyone else, and the No. 2 Nazi takes pains to create and preserve that legend. The truth is probably that Meissner, who can run circles around Göring in administrative ability and in profitable chicanery, exerts fully as much—or more—influence over Hitler as anyone else.

Dr. Langer, Legionnaire

By Margaret L. Sutherland

AN ADVENTURE story so fabulous came out of the first World War that historians, searching for a parallel, recalled the history of the 10,000 led back from Persia to Greece by Xenophon. The Anabasis of the Czechoslovak legions in Russia has been written in many languages, but the best liked by the legionnaires themselves is a child's book about the Siberian dog that belonged to the second company, by Frantisek Langer, Czechoslovak playwright and author. Like Xenophon, he participated in the extraordinary odyssey he wrote about.

In 1929 the Theatre Guild in New York produced a play, *The Camel Through the Needle's Eye,* by Frantisek Langer, a lively play that ran nearly two hundred performances. Langer has written many better plays since the War but none so well known in America. His critics universally agree on his insight into humanity, his compassion and understanding.

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In 1914, young Dr. Langer, recently graduated from medical school, was launched on a promising career with the success of his first play in Prague, *St. Wenceslaus*. He had already published a book of literary stories. Then Austria-Hungary declared war and Dr. Langer was called up to serve in the medical corps. Never, after that year, has "romanticist" or "neo-classist" described his writing.

Dr. Langer was one of the thousands of Czechoslovaks who had no sympathy with the dual government that for them stood for "political thraldom and economic exploitation." In Russia and France, Czech legions were formed to fight on the side of the Allies. After 300 years of oppression by Austrians and Germans, the Czechs were fighting again for their independence. They deserted and surrendered to the Allies under terrible risk. Hanging was the penalty. It was 1916 before Frantisek Langer was able to offer his services as surgeon to the Czechoslovak legions in Russia.

The legion of volunteers in Russia, despite Austro-German vigilance, increased from a single battalion in 1914 to an army corps of two divisions and a reserve brigade in 1917. During the Russian Revolution the Czechoslovak army, commanded by its own officers, maintained its discipline and continued to increase. It was only after the peace of Brest-Litovsk that it was forced to retreat eastward.

No modern Xenophon has yet done justice to that 6,000 mile anabasis of 70,000 Czechoslovak légionnaires. Perhaps the memory of those months was too poignant for Frantisek Langer to write in the first person. In his book, dedicated to the children of those men, he projects the Siberian dog, Yakout, against a background of clear-cut "stills" depicting the tragedy and heroism of that epic. The book has had a profound influence on the youth of Czechoslovakia. Since the German invasion of the country a year ago, it has been banned.

In the course of the fighting across Siberia, Dr. Langer became surgeon general. Nor were the sick and wounded his only work, for in the midst of their hardships, the Czechoslovak legionnaires not only operated the mills and factories and the Trans-Siberian railroad, but they published newspapers and produced plays in the towns they captured all the way to Vladivostok. The young surgeon was no longer a romanticist. The Russians he had once known in novels he now knew at first hand; the Czech comrades to whom he administered were tragically real. Now he wrote plays in all his spare moments, plays to cheer the legionnaires and keep their spirits up. Nor were the plays produced haphazardly. Army tailors made the costumes; scenery was painted by army artists. Even the daily Czech newspapers ran to eight pages an edition.

A year after the armistice the city of Prague welcomed its legionnaires home to a liberated country. Frantisek Langer became one of the most popular playwrights and authors in Czechoslovakia. He succeeded Karel

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Capek as director of the Municipal Theatre of Vinohrady, a suburb of Prague. His latest comedy was *Number 72,* a play in which prisoners play the drama of their lives.

A year ago, Prague was silent before the sudden sweep of the German armies into its midst. Some 5,000 troops and tanks, armored cars and anti-tank guns paraded in the main square in Prague. It was still more silent when Adolph Hitler rode through the streets in triumph. Frantisek Langer escaped, again risking his life for liberty. By night and afoot he crossed the Carpathian mountains, took refuge in Poland, then went to Denmark, England and finally to France. There the Czechoslovakian legion reformed their lines.

Dr. Langer is its surgeon general, as he was twenty years ago in Siberia.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Translated from *Java Bode,* Batavia Conservative Daily

ONLY a few people have heard of Sir George Cockerill, although he is one of the most important figures in international politics. Since 1921, when his immediate predecessor, Sir Basil Thomson, resigned, he has been the head of the British Intelligence Service.

Some weeks before he died [March 1939], Sir Basil Thomson had the satisfaction of seeing the British Intelligence Service take a great step forward. At that time the British Parliament agreed to fix the appropriation for the Secret Service at 500,000 pounds sterling. This was twice as much as in 1936, and six times as much as during the World War.

Nobody asked questions when this large sum was granted. Perhaps they still remembered the answer which curious, inexperienced M.P.'s had received, when Sir Basil still was at the head of the Service: "Answers regarding the Secret Service cannot be given, as such answers would bring the Service into the open. This could hamper the Service in its work, or even make it altogether impossible."

Sir Basil's successor has increased this secrecy. Even the Prime Minister no longer dares to busy himself with the work of the Secret Service, the personnel of which is chosen not by him, but by the King; this Service is responsible to the King, only. There are but two men today who are familiar with the most intimate secrecies of this body: the poet-diplomat, Sir Robert Vansittart, and his assistant, the Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Alexander Cadogan.

However, there are still a few persons who are rather well-informed about the work of the Intelligence Service. For this they have to thank their personal and family relations with the present head of the Intelligence Service, a Service whose special policies do not always run parallel to the official diplomacy.

The name of the present head of the Service is heard in public even less than the names of his predecessors, Sir Reginald Hall, Sir Francis Oppenheimer and Sir Basil Thomson. Sir Basil was talked about only after

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he had resigned and again when he died. The new head, Sir George Cockerill, has so far not granted one single interview. He does not wish to be talked about.

His appointment as the successor of Sir Basil was one of the most carefully premeditated moves of internal British politics. Sir Basil had made a mistake which caused his resignation in 1921; he had won the disfavor of the armament industry which had become very powerful. The Intelligence Service had acted somewhat too indiscreetly in the so-called "Beverly Affair" which had to do with the many-sided business relations of the armament lords during the World War. These relations were allegedly the reason why the Central Powers received—during the World War—British arms, via Spain, the Netherlands, Sweden and Switzerland. This affair had no consequences which were publicly known. Neverthless, it was very disagreeable to the armament industry.

The highest place in the Intelligence Service was now, for the first time, in the person of Sir George Cockerill, occupied by a man from the circles of this industry. Sir George is a member of the well-known Anglo-Belgian armament family. By his appointment, the armament industry was appeased.

Major General Sir George Cockerill not only had shown great ability in colonial matters, he also brought with him personal influence which was not to be underestimated. This influence is due to the fact that he is a relative of the Duchess of Atholl, until recently one of the leaders of the Conservative opposition. He is also related to Lord Pearson and Lord Sassoon, who are leaders of commerce. Pearson, for his part, has intimate family ties with an outstanding diplomat in France. Besides this, among the few close friends of Sir George are two younger men who have rapidly come to the fore in British politics. Their names are known to everyone: Duff Cooper and Hore-Belisha.

These personal relationships continue to exercise influence upon the policies and activities of the "man of secrecy in Room 40." Repeatedly, especially in the Palestine conflict, and in the policy regarding China, Sir George Cockerill has played a decisive part in official diplomacy.

Sir George has, furthermore, broadened the scope of the Secret Service. This Service does not consist of one single unit. When Sir Basil Thomson resigned, there were six independent branches, which were united only in the person of the "Supreme Chief."

Sir George Cockerill has increased the number of these branches. He has taken the Fleet Intelligence out of the Naval Intelligence Department, and the Indian Intelligence out of the Colonial Intelligence Department and made them both independent services. Matters dealing with Palestine and China were put under the Indian Intelligence Department.

Thus it can be seen that Sir George Cockerill, although his name is not well-known, is the head of an organization which is not only one of the most important in England, but in the whole world. He does not care for publicity, preferring to work behind the scenes.

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Ragged Guard of Hungary

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

INTEREST in Budapest has in these days naturally turned to the Rongyos Garda, or Ragged Guard, an organization of volunteer guerrilla fighters who have lately been becoming more and more open in their attacks on the Nazis. The Guard is for the most part non-political, but it possesses a weekly newspaper, and many of the large Hungarian dailies have been glad to give its activities the widest possible publicity.

The origins of the Guard go back to 1920, when a group of ex-soldiers, given some assistance by the Hungarian and Italian Governments, occupied the western strip of Hungary about Sopron (Odenburg), which under the Treaty of St. Germain had been ceded to Austria. They drove out the Austrian gendarmes, and by their virtual military occupation of the area forced the Allied Powers to sponsor a plebiscite which brought the Sopron district back to Hungary. This feat made the name of the Ragged Guard heroic in Hungarian ears, and their sworn devotion to Admiral Horthy, Hungary's tireless Regent—whom they look upon as their spiritual leader—has added to their stature in the eyes of the Hungarian public.

After the success of the plebiscite the Guard disbanded, and remained inactive until September of 1938, when Eugene Hejjas, a brother of one of the leaders of the 1920 organization, called the old members and many of their sons and relatives together to go on active service against Czechoslovakia. They formed guerrilla bands which harassed the Czech soldiery in the Carpathian mountain forests, they bore the brunt of the border fighting which occurred at Munkacs in January, and they fought the Sitch Guards, who were the storm troopers of the short-lived autonomous Carpatho-Ukrainian State. There were at one time more than 500 of them in Czech prisons, but most of these either were exchanged for Czech prisoners in Hungary or managed to escape to Poland or to their native land during the invasions of last March.

When Hungary seized Ruthenia the work of the Guard was thought to be over, and after paying homage to the Regent, they disbanded once more—but not before announcing that they were ready to be called forth again if the interests of their Fatherland demanded it.

Until the time of this disbanding there were many Nazis in the Ragged Guard, and many Ragged Guards in the Nazi party, but it was noticed that when the Guards returned from Ruthenia a distinct coolness had sprung up between their leaders and the Nazis. The Guards complained that the training and the arming of the anti-Hungarian Sitch Guards, the

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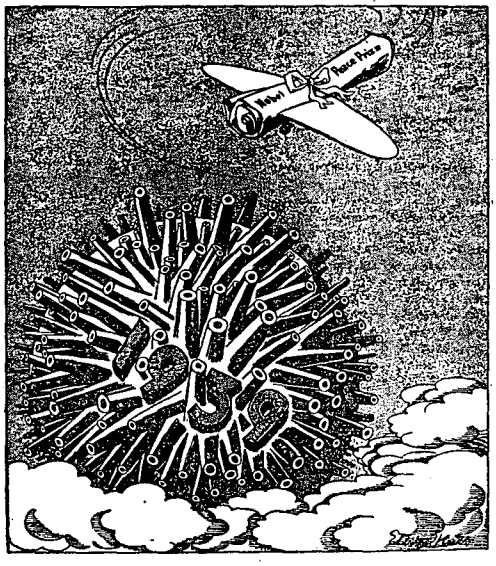
violent anti-Magyar propaganda, and much of the oppression of the Hungarian minority in Ruthenia were organized and directed by the German advisers to the Carpatho-Ukrainian Government. The Ragged Guards, during their months of guerrilla warfare, had had an excellent opportunity to discover the true state of affairs in Ruthenia, and what they learned led them to distrust their Hungarian Nazi allies, who were violently pro-German.

This disillusionment was expressed mostly in the form of private complaints until a recent question hour in Parliament, when Nazi Deputies accused the Government of helping to organize a legion of Ragged Guards in Poland, who were to be ready to help Poland against Germany. The Government contented itself with vehemently denying the accusation, but the Ragged Guards launched a series of attacks against the Nazi Deputies. They flatly accused Kalman Hubay, leader of the Nazis, of cowardice, saying that he and many of his followers who had come to help the Ragged Guard against the Czechs had remained only a few days and had fled ignominiously when the first faint sounds of gunfire reached their ears.



THE Ragged Guard as a whole is still disbanded, but a skeleton staff remains on duty whose task it is to keep the men prepared for a speedy mobilization. The exact number of Ragged Guards is not known, but it runs into many thousands, with new recruits joining daily. The members are chiefly tough young peasants who are trained fighters in addition to being naturally pugnacious—they say, many of them, that they prefer action to the noisy debate of the Nazis.

It is not to be thought that the Ragged Guard are a group of politically minded fanatics who are fighting to keep Hungary democratic; they are rather a group of men devoted to Hungary and to the Regent, who see in nazism a threat to their country's independence. Their importance has increased because it is not unlikely that the Hungarian Government, which has given support to them in the past, will call upon them for assistance when the time for dealing with the Nazis finally arrives.

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Legal Logic of the 'Safety Zone'

Adapted from *Revista de las Indias,* Colombia Political and Literary Monthly

THE 300-mile "safety-zone" which the participating nations of the Inter-American Conference approved late last year, in meeting at Panama, as a measure designed to exclude belligerent activities from these waters, has provoked jeers, cheers and, generally speaking, a vast amount of controversy. The reason for the dispute lies in the difference between what is physically attainable and that which is recognized under international law. It is the difference, in other words, between the practicable and the theoretical. Aside from that, it is a question over which international jurists love to argue far into the night with the objective in mind of reducing to a state of appalling confusion what is, in essence, a simple yes-or-no issue.

Let us consider this issue in its legal aspects, or from the view of international law, remembering meanwhile that international law is no law, since it is without an international army to enforce it, but only a body of gentlemen's agreements among ostensible gentlemen residing in different parts of the world.

Almost all nations possessed of coasts have different ideas of how much ocean they can claim. Their jurisdiction depends not on legislative pronouncements, in the last analysis, but on what distance offshore their respective navies can make that jurisdiction effective. Britain holds to a three-mile zone, Spain to six, Sweden, Norway and Denmark to four miles, Italy twelve miles, and the same distance is claimed by Argentina, Chile and Colombia.

If it is generally recognized—and it is—that every nation can establish its own maritime zone, it should follow as a principle of law that nations acting in concert (as at Panama) should possess the right to determine a maritime zone over which they jointly exercise jurisdiction—provided they do not encroach upon the territorial waters of states not acting with them. Furthermore, it may be argued that the "safety zone" has a certain moral weight in its favor, since it has no underlying aggressive objective but is designed solely to restrict the spread of war.

The British counter is that the "safety zone" cannot be regarded as possessing any force under international or "moral" law because it is unenforceable. Various commissions of the League of Nations since 1925 have been unable to come to any agreement on codification of state territorial rights offshore.

Several interesting precedents were established in the past. In the six-

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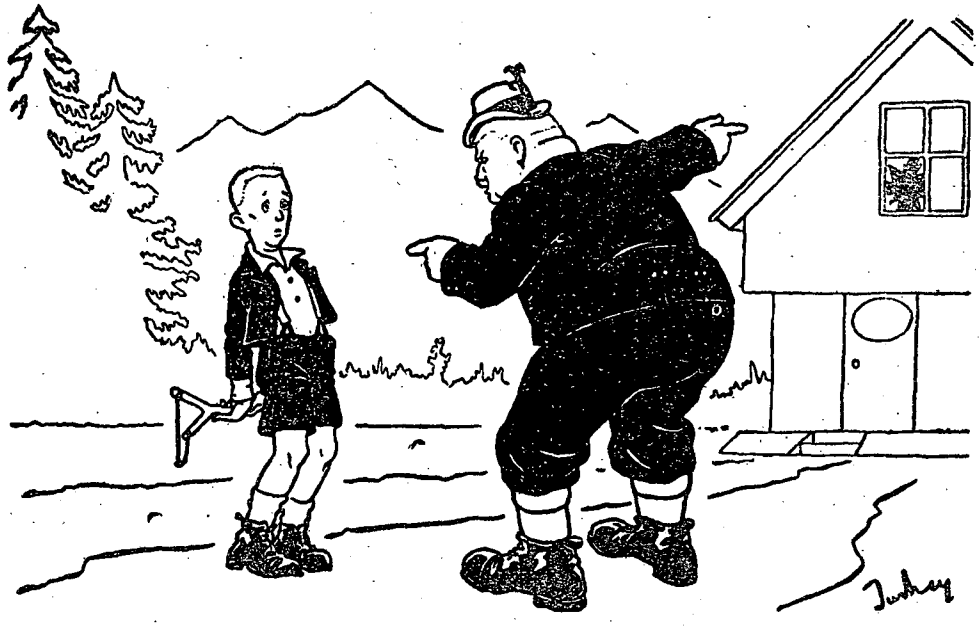
teenth century, Spain insisted that her offshore jurisdiction extended as far as the eye could reach, which is to say that in foggy weather Castile could not lay claim to much sea-water. A century later The Netherlands informed all and sundry that her territorial waters extended as far as her shore-batteries could fire, a realistic way of disposing of the issue. In recent years the United States contributed a novel measuring-stick to international law: for purposes of keeping rum-boats offshore, the Treasury Department ruled that its boundaries extended as far offshore as a Coast Guard craft could travel in a direct line in one hour. This served beautifully to confuse rum-runners and nations alike, since the propulsion equipment of these craft differ greatly.

IN CONCLUSION, if it has been accepted that every nation has the right to state the extent of its maritime jurisdiction, there appears no reason under international or any other law to prevent the Pan-American nations from establishing a sort of "continental sea," traffic in which they may control jointly for any such general objectives as the preservation of neutrality. But obviously it will only have the force of law if the interested nations can enforce respect for that prescribed area, or "safety-zone," and the expense and effort involved may prove to be more than the interested nations want to expend.



Don't tell me Mr. Chamberlain did it.

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Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted by The Living Age, April 1915

NEUTRALS in 1915 were apparently just as neutral as they are in 1940. At least "A Neutral Observer" entitled his article, *Six Weeks With the Enemy*. He found life in Germany was "less disturbed than in any other belligerent country." The seizure of the cereal supply by the Government had been necessary to prevent prohibitive prices, because, "Patriotism, though fervent in Germany, never for a moment transcends financial self-interest." There was much concern because the war had not yet brought a leader to the fore. "The whole German system has been built up with the idea of a strong man at the helm—a virtual dictator of public affairs, and, still more important, of public opinion." The Kaiser did not fill this role, his name was seldom mentioned in conversation, and in point of popularity he ranked about fifth (after Hindenburg, the Crown Prince, Count Zeppelin and the Crown Princes of Bavaria and Württemburg). Lacking a Führer, "The open criticism of German diplomacy by all classes" seemed to the writer extraordinary. The diplomats were blamed for failing to realize, or at least not warning the people in general, that England could not be bluffed and would fight. At the same time, "Their hatred [against England] seemed to be based on resentment, on disappointment. It has in it a feminine quality not usually associated with the Germanic mind." . . . Sir Harry Johnston, who had just returned from a lecture tour in America, wrote in *The New Statesman* that he found President Wilson's neutrality "scarcely tolerable. He talks of our nation as though we were as much to blame as Germany for the provocation of this ghastly war." He did not claim, however, that England's war motives were wholly altruistic: "Respect for treaties can be overdone, and smack of that Pecksniffian hypocrisy which makes certain American utterances so objectionable just now. Treaties have not prevented our discounting the break-up of the Ottoman Empire. But what bound us to Belgium was the sheer necessity of defending ourselves. To have acquiesced in an occupation of Belgium would have meant abdication to German overlordship without fighting." . . . England's war aims according to *The Times* (London): "To shield our homes from the murder and the rape, from the organized loot and the systematic arson we have seen across the seas; to protect the Empire our race has reared at so dear a cost; to secure for our children and for mankind the spiritual heritage of which it is the embodiment and the guardian—these are the ends for which we are launching upon the battlefields of France the greatest and the most powerful armies our history has ever known; the ends for which England has pledged her last shilling and her last man." . . . From *The Sat-*

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urday Review: "The forcing of the Dardanelles has seized abruptly on the imagination. It has given a new turn to the war, opening up all kinds of fresh ideas and possibilities. The public mind thankfully escapes from the deadlock and stationary grip of things in Belgium, from the mighty swing and counter-swing of army corps in Poland, from the quiet, continuous watching of the Allied Fleets, to a corner of Europe where there is an element of the incalculable and adventurous. It is early yet to say how the event will go in the Dardanelles [it went disastrously]; but the evidence accumulates that the enterprise has been thoroughly thought out to the least detail; and that, whatever the difficulties—and they are great—there can be no doubt as to our ultimate success." . . . In England in April 1915, thousands of colonels' daughters and vicars' little girls were still being brought up with no thought of ever having to work for a living outside their homes, but Janet E. Courtney warned in *The Fortnightly Review* that a shortage of husbands was "one of the saddest results of a devastating war" and "should give heedless parents pause." Women, she said, were still largely employed only in non-essential positions, so the first result of the war had been to throw them out of work; they had not yet gone into men's jobs, except "running the lifts at Selfridge's." . . . *The Economist* estimated the cost of the war for one year at £9,148,000,000, "the cost to Servia, Montenegro, Japan, and also to neutrals in mobilization expenses, etc., being left out of the calculation." . . . According to "Lucius" of *The Academy, Danger* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gave the Germans the notion of the "submarine blockade." . . . In America, President Wilson had just completed two years in office, and an anonymous author argued that since Presidental activity was historically confined to the first half of the term of office, "We can cast up his balance-sheet with a reasonable expectation that there are not likely to be any very considerable additions to either side of the account," that is "if international complications are avoided." His Mexican policy was listed on the debit side, characterized by "its remoteness from 'actualities' " and "its choice of ineffective means for impracticable ends." "The real key to the puzzle is to be found, I believe, in the fact that Mr. Wilson's moral code is as rigid as his normal play of mind is flexible. He has a terrible conscience. One cannot imagine him, on any consideration whatever, of national interests or party or personal success, going against a moral conviction. He is spared the grave and manifold perils of the courage to do wrong," and so detects "a point of conscience in a situation which a mere mundane statesman would tackle with a vulgar directness." He could not allow any practical considerations to outweigh the fact that Huerta was "a blood-stained usurper." However, in the domestic sphere, "Three of the thorniest questions that any American President could be asked to tackle—the tariff question, the currency question, and the question of the Trusts—he has not only tackled but for the time being has disposed of," in spite of the fact that "the average Senator or Congressman does not breathe easily in the prevailing White House atmosphere."

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The super-acute sensory world of the invalid is the scene of this story

Moon-flowers

By BEATRICE WASHBURN

From *Cornhill Magazine*, London Literary Monthly

THE FIRST thing that Helena noticed after she had been ill was the moon-flower vine outside her bedroom window.

It must have been there all the time, she supposed, but for the first few weeks she had been too busy with pain and fever to pay any attention to it.

"Like a morning-glory in reverse," she told her husband when he came to sit beside her after he came home from the office. "It opens at night, with the stars. Instead of with the sun. It seems afraid of the light. And I never would have noticed it if I had not been ill. Funny, how many things one misses. Moon-flowers. Mocking-birds. Did you ever notice how they sing all night? A regular clamor."

"It's a shame," said her husband heavily, and she could see how deeply he was worried and how he thought she was only talking to amuse him. Her illness seemed so much harder on him than it was on her. He had none of the compensations of complete detachment and he had to witness the sufferings of someone he loved. Nor was he able, any more, to read her private thoughts as he had been when they shared a common world of objective interests. Children. House. Friends. Books. All these things seemed to have faded into the background of her mind and she found herself dwelling on such strange and unimportant subjects.

The crack in the ceiling, for instance. When she mentioned it to Jim he spoke immediately of new plaster and it had taken her a half-hour to explain that she liked it that way because it resembled the Nile in shape. First the Delta, then the first and second cataracts, then the funny little dents in the plaster that looked like the pyramids. She had taken herself on an entire trip to Egypt on that crack.

Then there was the curious way the sun shone through the curtains in the early morning and made a fretted mist on the walls. It was lovely as

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lace-work and it was never twice the same.

"Sometimes it looks like falling rain," she told the nurse. "And again it is like tapestry. Only always regular. As though the sun rose each morning with just that thought in mind. Now I must get up and paint a picture on Helena's wall."

The nurse merely stuck a thermometer into her mouth and told her to lie quiet. So she never tried that again. Gradually, through the enforced solitude of a long illness, she concluded that the sick and the well will never understand each other. They live in different countries and the distance between them is too wide for even love to bridge.

So she had fallen back more and more upon her thoughts. The doctor had said it would take weeks for her lung to heal after the pneumonia and in that time she must do nothing but lie still. At first it had seemed unbearable, to be shut out of the active life of the household when she had directed it for so long. And then gradually it came to be a relief to hear the cook quarrelling with the grocer boy and know she would not have to do anything about it. And when doors were slammed below-stairs, or she heard the crack of broken dishes, she just pretended it was in another world, as of course it was.

"Do you want me to send the children to Mother's?" Jim had asked, thinking, naturally, that their tumbling and shouting would annoy her. When she was well they had been a continual care, for small children require so much attention. And one nurse was not adequate for the little baby, too.

But now that they were shut away safely below-stairs and she could only hear their voices, it dawned on her suddenly that one of the loveliest sounds on earth is a child's laugh. Funny she had never noticed that before. And, pursuing the thought dreamily to its conclusion, she remembered other sounds that had a definite beauty of their own and yet that no one ever noticed. Water falling down a mountain-side, for instance, was there anything more liquid, more delightful than that music? And a train whistling away in the distance—mournful with the sadness of parting, with the knowledge that all human ties are but temporal, and that between us each lies the shadow of farewell. Yet how seldom people noticed train whistles when they were healthy. Or the fairy chime of snowflakes tinkling against a window-pane. Or the rustle of fallen leaves when the wind sweeps over them. Or the deep humming of a pine tree, standing solitary in the garden. Or the silken flick flack of flames upon an open hearth.

"Do you want your orange-juice, darling?" said Jim softly, from the shadows beside her bed. He supplanted the nurse at evening, when he was home, and supporting her against the pillows he held her closely as she drained the glass. It struck her as amusing that he should prepare her dose in a dark blue goblet that looked like a storm at midnight. For it was obvious that Jim, who loved her so much that to see her suffering was torture, could not appreciate that detailed and objective world that lies all around the real world in which we live.

"It is not hidden," she mused, "but healthy people never seem to see it."

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Perhaps it is the world in which children live, she thought; into which we are born and which we leave as soon as we begin to read and take our knowledge secondhand. She remembered how the baby would play for hours with his own fingers, laughing aloud as the sunlight slipped through the coral loveliness of his hands. And how, when her eldest boy had begun to creep, he had pursued a crack in the nursery floor with the same concentration and undeviating attention that most people give to a career. Only poets and children know that intimate reality of objective things, she concluded, because it is only they who meet reality first hand, unblunted by experience, by precept or by anticipation.

"Artists are people who have their senses stripped clean," she said aloud, "who do not wear gloves on their minds, as the rest of us do."

"Do you want me to read to you?" asked her husband, gently, his eyes roaming over the bookshelf where she kept her Keats and Browning and Emily Brontë, her Katharine Mansfield and her Somerset Maugham. She shook her head, for she hated being read aloud to. Her own thoughts raced so much quicker than the reader's. And yet, though they had been married nearly ten years, Jim had not yet learned this fact about her, just as he had missed so many others. She looked at his watching face, turned toward her with a look at once affectionate and alert, and wondered whether it could be worth while trying to explain such trivial thoughts, decided it would not, and was content to relax at ease in the warm circle of his love. When he was there it was not necessary to explain anything. He would not understand. He did not need to. Just the fact that he was Jim was enough. Beside his dark, handsome head she watched how the lamp, under its canopied shade, cast a shadow only on its immediate radius. Everything outside was in darkness, just like an Arab's tent, encircling a small fragment of environment.

"Don't those moon-flowers bother you?" asked Jim, suddenly, as he caught a whiff of their faint, petal-like fragrance from the open window. But she told him no, for the moon-flowers had become part of the enchanted stillness in which she lived. Few things penetrated from the outer world and people who came to see her were just faces placed on top of ordinary bodies. They did not seem like individuals any more.

ONLY her bedroom seemed real, with its adjoining bath where she could see the white glitter of the tub and the medicine bottles ranged on the glass shelf by the window. And the half-open closet door and the door into the upper hall that kept her stillness intact. All these familiar objects, the gate-legged table by the window with its glass bowl of roses, the hexagonal pattern of the hardwood floor, the shining curves of the chairs, the folds of the curtains dripping downwards like fountains from the ceiling, the white marble mantelpiece with the silver candlesticks, they were all something she must cling to. They had become more than real. They seemed actually to have become human, to be endowed with a life more intense than that which animated most persons who came to see her. If she should break her attention from these still and yet

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powerful objects, permit herself to withdraw from this material world of stuff and steel and furniture it would be like untwining the tendrils of the moon-flower vine at her window. When they were all untwined, she felt a curious shaking at her heart. What would there be to hold on to? What would prevent her from slipping out of life altogether, at least out of this phantom state called life! Not the children, for already they seemed far away. Even Jim was beginning to retreat into those mysterious mists that seemed to envelop all healthy persons and everyday surroundings. She was walking in a dream world. Slipping away, like a ship that has cast its mooring and is waiting for the tide.

Only one thing brought her to a sudden feeling of sensation, as though someone had touched her mind just for an instant with a needle and made it quiver.

"I have cut down the moon-flowers on the window-sill," her husband was saying. "I told you they brought ants."

He spoke as though this inconvenience were more serious than the appalling fact of her illness.

She sat up in bed and looked out. The moon-flowers were still puckered, like little cushions, waiting for the night before they could open. But their delicate leaves clung to the window-sill as though it alone could furnish them support.

"You can't do that, Jim," she said excitedly.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised. "The roses and sweet peas are much prettier, anyway, Helena. You shall have a room full of them all the time."

"But you can't," she attempted to explain and lay back upon the pillow panting, she could not explain why she had become so attached to them except that they were a symbol of that fragile, unseen world which was growing more and more important. No one but herself had seen the moon-flowers open their amethyst faces to the dark. And even she, try as she might, could never quite catch that magic moment of their opening, that fraction of a second when they ceased to be a tiny fist of crumpled chiffon and became a flower. Only a slow-motion camera could ever surprise nature at her loveliest tasks, the four o'clocks in the garden that told the time more accurately than any watch, the humming-bird's wings that moved more swiftly than an aeroplane, more swiftly than light, so that they were only a tiny rainbow blur to an onlooker. And the wind. Who ever saw it as it rumpled the grass on a summer's day, in billows like the sea? For surely the wind walked, like a person, and some day some photographer, more clever than the rest, would fix this legendary figure on a lens. All this she could see from her bedroom window. This and a great deal more. More than was dreamed of in their philosophy . . . .

"YOU must get up today, Mrs. Wentworth," said a quiet voice at her side, and she looked up into the doctor's kind and workworn face.

"Get up and sit for a little while in a chair." His voice was firm and full of understanding. "You are well enough to leave your bed now. You must get back into the world."

He had seen so much, more than most people. As a doctor he had been intimate with pain. He knew how it

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could twist one's world and how reduce it till the boundaries of experience were but the flat walls of a room. He knew, too, that death hovered just beyond the poplar trees on the hill that she could see from the window.

"He has cut them down," she said suddenly aloud, and it was a relief to speak to someone who understood your thoughts and who knew what you were talking about.

"Yes," said the doctor, glancing toward the window-sill which was bare now without its framework of moon-flower vines. "It was time for them to go. It is time for you to dress now, my child. I will send the nurse in to help you."

As he closed the door behind him she felt the whole room swing into focus, as a scene does after a heavy blow. The little secret meanings were all gone. It was just a room.

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Ancestors of the U-Boat

By JOHN LEPPER

From the *Nineteenth Century and After,* London Independent Monthly

ALTHOUGH the World War of 1914 brought home to the general public the reality of the U-boat menace, submarines continue to be regarded as a somewhat novel technical instrument, the legitimacy of whose use in war-time is a subject of controversy. But long before Jules Verne's *Nautilus* aroused the interest of readers of imaginative fiction, the possibility of underwater navigation had occupied the minds of intelligent men. As far back as 1490, Leonardo da Vinci, who is also credited with the invention of the first flying machine, produced plans for a submersible craft which could cross rivers unseen by an enemy. There is, however, no evidence that Leonardo ever attempted the construction of such a vessel, and it is probable that having fathered the idea, he was content to let some more intrepid engineer investigate the practicability of his invention. What is probably the first reference to the submarine in literature appears in a play, *The Staple of News,* by Ben Jonson, produced by His Majesty's Servants in 1625.

We do not hear anything of the submarine again until almost a hundred years later, when an Englishman named Day produced a wooden submersible in which he undertook for a wager to descend to a considerable depth, and remain under water for twenty-four hours. He won his wager—but he never returned to the surface to claim his winnings.

To America fell the distinction of being the first country to produce a submarine which carried out an attack on an enemy warship. During the American War of Independence, Dr. David Bushnall of Connecticut constructed *The American Turtle,* a strange craft which in shape resembled a turtle tail-downwards in the water. Motive power was supplied by a hand-operated screw propeller, and by taking in water ballast the submarine could descend to a depth of 25 feet. By way of offensive armament *The American Turtle* carried on her back a primitive torpedo made from a block of wood containing a charge of 150 pounds of gunpowder. This charge was set off by fuses controlled by clockwork timing gear, and the whole cumbersome apparatus was attached to a screw on the hull of the submarine by a length of line. The procedure was for the navigator to anchor himself beneath the keel of the enemy vessel, to drive the detachable screw between the ship's plating, and then move away, leaving the torpedo to do its work. In June 1776, an attempt was made against the British sixty-four-gun frigate *Eagle,* anchored

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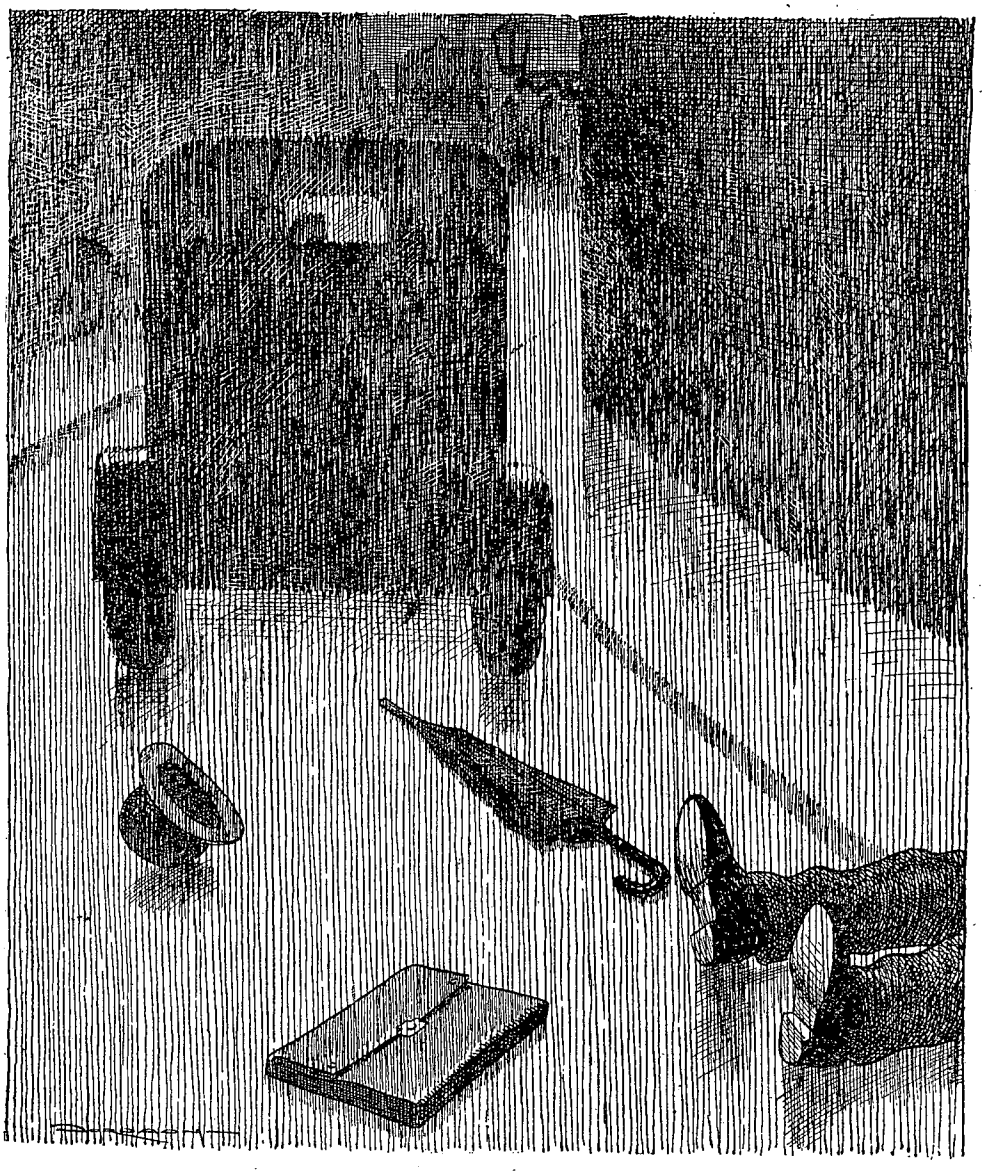

in New York Bay. Fortunately for the British, the operator of the submarine was unable to penetrate the hull of his intended victim; the torpedo drifted away, and exploded some distance from the frigate, to the great alarm of all on board. Nevertheless, the attempt was so nearly successful that other inventors were encouraged to continue their experiments with under-water vessels, and in 1801 the American engineer, Robert Fulton, produced the *Nautilus*, an ovoid-shaped submersible nearly 6 feet in diameter. The *Nautilus* was fitted with reservoirs of compressed air, and a tank into which water could be introduced to make her dive. A

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simple force pump expelled the water when the operator wished to return to the surface. As in the case of *The American Turtle,* this vessel was propelled by a hand-operated screw, but when travelling on the surface additional motive power was supplied by a sail fitted to a collapsible mast, resembling in appearance an umbrella blown inside out. Fulton estimated that the navigator could lower the mast and submerge the vessel in two minutes. He carried out several successful tests before officials of the French Government, to which he offered his invention. But the French authorities rejected his offer on the grounds that the low underwater speed of the *Nautilus* (a bare two knots) rendered her unsuitable for operations of any real importance. Also, they did not hesitate to express their condemnation of a mode of warfare which they considered barbarous and inhuman; indeed, the French Minister of Marine refused Fulton belligerent rights because he held that submarine warfare was piratical. "This type of warfare," the Minister remarked, "carries with it the objection that those who undertake it and those against whom it is launched will all be lost." And a French admiral exclaimed: "Thank God France still fights her battles above the sea, and not beneath it!"

The disappointed inventor then offered his submarine to England, and Pitt, foreseeing the danger to England's naval supremacy constituted by this type of vessel, bought the *Nautilus* for £15,000. He stipulated, however, that Fulton should not disclose his plans to any other European Power. The Admiralty made no attempt to develop Fulton's invention for the obvious reason that it was recognized as giving an advantage to a weak navy over a stronger one, and its adoption could only impair the maritime supremacy of this country. British naval opinion has been hostile to the submarine from the very first.

THE American Civil War of 1861 produced some innovations, in the realm of naval warfare, for it was in the course of this struggle that such novelties as the ironclad, the rifled gun and the torpedo demonstrated their effectiveness for the first time. The Northern States possessed a small force of naval vessels of reasonable performance, but the Confederates entered the contest with absolutely nothing that could be called a warship, and their inadequate resources forced them to make use of every device that human ingenuity could suggest. In 1862 they established at Richmond a department for the development of torpedo submarine warfare, hoping by means of these weapons to break the stranglehold of the Union Fleet. The first underwater craft produced by the Confederates, the "Davids," were semi-submersibles powered with a steam engine coupled directly to the propeller. They were cylindrical in shape, with conical ends, and had a telescopic funnel, which could be lowered to make them less conspicuous, for they were incapable of diving, although by taking in water ballast they could submerge their hulls. Their armament was a single spar torpedo, consisting of a copper case 10 inches in diameter, 30 inches in length, with a charge of 130 pounds of gunpowder.

The fact that these torpedoes had

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to be attached to the hull of the enemy ship by the submarine's crew made their employment a risky business. Moreover the vessels themselves proved extremely dangerous to handle; indeed, one of them was swamped by the wash of a passing steamer during her trials and sank with all hands, only her commander surviving. She was afterward raised, and carried out a night attack on the Federal ship *Ironsides* off Charleston (October 5, 1863).

Early in 1864 a new and improved type of submarine made its appearance. This was the *Huxley,* so called after her inventor. The *Huxley* was a cigar-shaped craft, 35 feet long, 3 feet in beam and 5 feet in depth, and was equipped with a small conning-tower. She was propelled by the hand power of eight men working on a handle turning the screw, had an air supply for two hours, and could make limited dives. The *Huxley* drowned three crews (a total of twenty-three men) during her trials, but there was no lack of brave men in the Confederate service; a fourth crew succeeded in getting her over the harbor bar, and on a dark night in February she made an attack on the Union Fleet blockading Charleston. The wooden frigate *Housatonic,* 1,240 tons, was singled out as her prey, and Admiral Porter of the U. S. Navy has left us an interesting description of the attack.

> At about 8.45 P.M. the officer of the deck discovered something in the water, about a hundred yards away, moving toward the ship. It had the appearance of a plank moving along the water. It came directly toward the ship, and, within two minutes of the time it was sighted was alongside. The chains were slipped, the engine backed, and all hands called to quarters. But it was too late, the torpedo stuck the *Housatonic* just forward of the mainmast on the starboard side in line with the magazine. When the explosion took place the ship trembled all over, as if by the shock of an earthquake, and then sank stern foremost, heeling to port as she went down.

It was at first thought that the *Huxley* had made a successful getaway after the destruction of the *Housatonic,* but some years later divers found her lying alongside the hull of her victim, and the theory was advanced that she had been drawn by suction into the hole made by her own torpedo. Her crew of nine all perished. The *Huxley's* achievement is of particular interest, as it affords the first and last example of a successful submarine attack until the war of 1914.

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A BIRTHDAY SONG

From *T'ien Hsia Monthly,* Shanghai

Forty years are gone! Where can they be?
A drop of water lost in a boundless sea!
Time is a flower that fades in your hand,
And happiness a light that never was on sea or land.
But as I look back to my past, I have more cause
For joy than for remorse.
Even in my wildest wanderings, my soul
Has been homesick for God, my ultimate Goal.
And what blessings He has showered on me!
He has blessed me with a good family;
He has blessed me with many a good friend;
He has blessed me with a wondrous Fatherland.
O God, You have given me more than my due;
It lies beyond my means to pay my debts to You.
But I see no point in declaring bankruptcy,
Since Christ has settled the accounts for me.

Why, then, should my Birthday Song wail like a dirge?
Why such waves of agony within my bosom surge?
But when the whole world is stinking with the blood of man,
Smile, if you can!
I know very well that life is but a play,
But a tragedy is a tragedy, whatever you may say!
When you see the massacres of women and children, there is no way
Of keeping your hair from turning gray.
Who says that life is a dream?
A nightmare, it would seem!
Can it be that God should treat His creatures like a clod?
Can it be that my heart is kinder than the Heart of God?
No, I only hate the rapacity of our enemies,
And regret the waywardness of the Democracies.
Ah for an International Fire Brigade!
Else the whole world will soon be on fire, I am afraid.

My eyes have already visualized the day
When heaven and earth shall have passed away;
But my poor little heart lingers still
Over the ant-hill!
For a man is no more than an ant,
Even if he had the mind of a Kant.
A few glimpses into the splendid Whole
Do not lift you from your wretched hole.
Look! How the ants fight in their struggle for existence!

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By and by I too shall have to put up
a tough resistance!
Looking around me I yearn for
chloroform
My heart is like the wick of a burnt-
out candle—still a little too
warm!
The miseries of men I can no longer
endure:
When, O when will the rich cease to
suck the poor?
Listen to the Voice of St. John, the
son of Thunder,
Pouring his vials of wrath on man's
chief blunder!
So long as a single person dies of
starvation,
To store up superfluous food entails
eternal damnation.
So long as a single person in cold
shivers,
To store up superfluous clothes causes
heats of fevers.
Don't say that Spirit can dispense
with Matter,
Seeing that the Universe itself is
made of the latter.
Do you think that the Creator is not
so spiritual as you?
You are playing to the gallery of the
Devil if you do.
To use Matter wisely is to be spir-
itual;
To talk about Spirituality is an empty
ritual!

Don't you see the eighteen Lohans
gone hopelessly wrong?
They fasted and tortured themselves
lifelong.
As though any narrow path were a
road to salvation!
As though humanity would be fed by
our own starvation!

As though the miseries of men could
be cured by insensibility!
As though by burying our heads in
the sand we could evade Reality!

I on my part would rather be a sin-
ner than a Lohan.
A Lohan is a monster, while a sinner
is a man!
If there were no God, then let us eat
and drink and avoid sorrow,
For all of us shall be dead tomorrow;
Then it would be the best plan
To follow the ways of man;
Then let all ethics go hang,
Let us form a pleasure gang:
With a pretty girl on each hand,
Let us feel grand—
In politics, a Machiavellian;
In other things, a practical Epi-
curean!
When we live, let us enjoy the best
we can;
When we die, everybody will say,
"He was a delightful gentle-
man";
But neither of the two would I fol-
low:

The Lohan is wrong, the gentleman
is hollow!
To do the will of Christ is my only
joy;
I will be a humble laborer in His
employ;
To prepare the way for His second
coming
By hook or by crook, by drumming or
by humming!

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Civilization is catching up with natives even in remotest Philippines

Visit to the Bontocs

By FRED PASSMORE

From the *Philippine Magazine,* Independent English-Language Monthly

THE Bontocs, I found, still carry headaxes stuck in their G-strings, but of course no longer cut off human heads to make the rice grow. I started for the part of town across the river, at night, taking a Bontoc boy as guide-interpreter.

Soon a house took shape, as light from the wind-whipped blaze of our pine torch set huge shadows darting about. The walls were of rough-hewn logs, and not much more than a meter high. The roof, made of long-smoke-darkened grass, rose to a peak three or four meters above the ground. It serves as chimney as well as roof.

"Sometimes," my guide said in reply to my question, "eyes smart with tears because there is smoke in the house."

Mutely testifying to this, two women, appearing unimaginably old, came within the torchlight, both grasping a stick, one at each end. They fumbled their way feebly, and the one holding the after end of the stick was blind.

The next house to attract attention was a Western-style cabin with plank walls and a galvanized-iron roof. The owner wore no lower garment except a G-string, but had on a coat and shirt. His son, he said, was in the sixth grade, and his daughter had gone to the nearby house of trial marriage.

When we reached the house of trial marriage, or *ulog,* the girls and boys were seated in two rows outside the door, talking, laughing, and singing native love-songs. They didn't pay much attention to me at first. I had brought a big sack of candy with me, though, and when I began distributing sweets I became an object of more interest.

The young people joked and kidded each other as they ate the candy. One girl, apparently the proud beauty of the bevy, sat a little apart, without any admirer. The boys indicated both by word and gesture that the man of her dreams had at last arrived—in the person of myself.

To help the raillery along, I picked out the choice bits of candy left in the sack, knelt on one knee, and offered them to her. She took my gift, con-

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sidered me a moment, and made a reply no editor would print. She meant no. The guide said the girl didn't sleep in the *ulog,* and would one day be married in accordance with Christian custom.

TWO days later I was in Ifugao. Before me was a whole mountain peak terraced from the edge of the stream in the bottom of the canyon all the way up to where the clouds blotted it from view. Every possible square foot of land, some of it so steep that it seemed little more than possible for a human to cling to it, had been utilized for the production of rice.

I thought with some awe of the people who had done this, of their coming perhaps two thousand years ago to these steep, jungle-covered mountains. There weren't many valleys, so they had grimly proceeded to farm the mountain walls. Son after father, and daughter after mother had done this, generation after generation. Magellan had "discovered" the Philippines, science and invention had broken upon the world, but these people had remained more or less hidden away and had continued building the walls of their terraces, stone by stone.

The rice paddies are not owned in common, but by different individuals. Many of the people, though, don't have many paddies. Much of the wealth, I was told, has been concentrated in the hands of a few.

I wanted to go farther into the interior, but had difficulty finding anyone who would guide me over the mountain trails. Most were busy working. But the mayor responded to my appeal for help, and the next morning a sturdy young Ifugao and I were upon our way.

Once we passed three young women who, with their little ones, were bathing under a waterfall. These women, who had toiled in the rice paddies most of their lives, carried huge baskets of *camotes* on their heads, slept on bare board floors, lived on a diet no doubt often meager and not well balanced, and had borne children, yet they appeared to have unusual strength and womanly hardihood.

Later we met an old, toothless crone. Her face seemed lined and puckered with every pain known to age, and she was literally bowed down until the upper part of her body was almost horizontal with the ground as she walked. Years alone could not possibly have made her seem so old. My guide judged her to be between fifty and sixty.

As to law and order, the mere fact that I, a lone *Americano,* could travel unarmed over an unfrequented trail in this region without fear of personal harm, was a great tribute both to the government and to the people there. Had I done this forty years before, my skull might long since have become an inspiration for a rice crop.

We came to a village where we found a municipal building. A group of Ifugaos had gathered on the porch, and were gabbing in excited dispute. A woman, it developed, had left her husband to live in the hut of another man. The husband was reconciled to this, saying he and his wife could live together no longer, but he wanted her to return to him the dowry he had given at the time of their marriage. This, he maintained, was just, and in accordance with old custom. She,

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however, refused, saying that he had been a worthless husband, that he could beget no children, and that she had already given him far more of herself and of her labor in the rice fields than any dowry could ever be worth.

They had at first taken the dispute to an old wise man and pagan priest of their clan. He, however, had been unable to adjust the matter, and so the difficulty had been brought before the municipal officials. They said if they could not settle the trouble, it would finally be taken before a judge.

Once we passed a schoolhouse. The building was of rough, hand-fashioned lumber and *cogon* grass, the materials for instruction were few, and enrolment and attendance poor. I asked an old man why he didn't send his sons to school regularly. He was sitting on top of a terrace wall at the time, looking off at the magnificent vistas of mountain and canyon. He replied as follows:

"My people have lived here since time unknown. We have grown our rice, worshipped our *anitos,* followed the counsels of our wise men, and married, and buried our dead in accordance with custom. If I send my boys to the school, will they be content to live by the rice terraces in the way their fathers and mothers have done before them?"

And as I trudged on down the trail, over the sole line of communication with the outer world, I too wondered what the sons would do. How well would this people, which had adapted itself with such fortitude to life in the virgin hills, meet the challenge of the modern world? Indications that they are slowly making the adaptation are unmistakable. They are beginning to change.

In a sense this is a little sad, for when you see them, far from the automobile road, wending their way along the face of some great hillside, you see the picturesque and the heroic. How can anyone with any imagination and knowledge of history fail to be inwardly appreciative of people such as the Ifugaos? You look about you at the great panorama of whorled and contorted hills, blue in the distance, tops lost in white fog, and you know the Ifugao is at home here. In him is something of the character, the closeness to nature, and the basic strength that belonged at some time or other to nearly all humanity.

Personally, I couldn't get excited because the men wore G-strings instead of pants. Though the local trouser-advocates may have some argument, maybe they'll agree there is less venality in magnificently muscled Igorot legs, bronzed by wind, sun, and rain, than there often is in faces above full-length linen breeches and silken under-duds.

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War of the Languages

Adapted from the *Manchuria Daily News*

OBSCURED by the military and naval struggle for supremacy in Europe is another clash that, if less sanguinary, is fully as bitter and certainly more vocal. This is the war of the languages on the Continent. Since political systems can only be conveyed by language, and since it appears that this democratic-totalitarian conflict will certainly be waged for at least another quarter of a century, the issue of which tongue is to be predominant is of enormous import to the world's ideological destiny. The language which man prefers for speech is the one he prefers for thought, and this lingual impact on man's thought has much to do with the society in which he must live.

The fact is that today French, once regarded everywhere outside the Third Republic as a common "second language," and particularly so regarded in German, Italian, English and Scandinavian schools, is heard much less often. In Italy, where French as a Latin tongue was once a compulsory study, the schools are turning to German as a second language more likely to aid the student in his business or professional career (this on the conceivably mistaken assumption that the Axis will not fall apart). Aside from the change in the schools, it is indicative that more Italian radio propaganda and news broadcasts are in English and German than in French; it may be argued that this situation arises from the war, but it was true before hostilities began.

Up to this decade, the spread of languages was due in the main to economic factors—for example, Spanish was increasingly taught in the United States on the premise (possibly false) that it offered wider opportunity for trade with Latin America. German schools taught and stressed English for the identical economic reason. But in the space of some five years, language has become a political lever as well as an economic aid. The Nazis broadcast much of their propaganda in English because, rightly or wrongly, they believe at least some fraction of their English-speaking audiences will not remain deaf to Germany's arguments. German broadcasts in French are comparatively rare, because the Nazis have no delusions that the citizen of modern Gaul will believe anything the Germans say or write: Goebbels believes that even if German arguments were irrefutable, the Frenchmen wouldn't like them, and that is probably the correct view. Similarly, there are few Italian broadcasts in French, and the reverse is also true. The French do not broadcast to any degree in German, and, since 1914, German in the schools of the Third Republic, although the nations are neighbors, has fought a losing battle —even in Alsace Lorraine.

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German is reportedly losing today to English in the Scandinavian countries, although it was long the primary foreign tongue. Among young people, and in business, it is "fashionable" to speak English, and in recent months that vogue has grown in the Baltic nations—perhaps based on the nervous belief that if these States are not to lose their entity, they must win over the English-speaking peoples.

In the Anglo-German war of languages, English has a distinct advantage that lies in no special technique of dissemination, but in the fact that English has stolen or adapted more foreign words and phrases than any other tongue: inevitably, a foreigner recognizes more words in English, and phrases in English are more natural to his tongue, and to the bent of his thinking, than German or Italian or French. This advantage enjoyed by English is, of course, less pronounced in The Netherlands, to whose middle classes German is readily understandable; it is also less of an advantage in the Scandinavian nations (although many exasperated citizens will argue with bitterness that a knowledge of both German and English will not help anyone make sense of Swedish or Norwegian newspapers).

To recapitulate, then, the language of diplomacy, French, is everywhere losing ground despite its precision, elasticity and its pleasant treble clatter. German has gained in Italy, but suffered a setback in France, England and, to a lesser extent, in the United States. The language war between England and Germany has yet to be won in Scandinavia, but currently English is making headway that may or may not be indicative of the final outcome. Finally, consideration must be given to the influence of the wide distribution of those Hollywood talkies that are not "dubbed" but merely carry dialogue in caption form. Perhaps "Okay, toots" is more beguiling to Scandinavian ears than the *"Ca va, cherie"* of the French films, or the *"Hallo, Kleine"* of their German equivalent.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

By Lawrence Lee

The fullness of our summer blows
In finished brightness down the wind;
The tree of comfort whips and bows,
Facing November rudely thinned.

And we shall walk more skeletoned
In beauty harder to the eye,
Trying what courage can be found
In less of leaves but more of sky.

—*Life and Letters Today*, London

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Letters and the Arts

By CHARLES ANGOFF

THE WANING season in New York had more than its usual share of dance recitals. The Ballet Theatre, "staged by the greatest collaboration in ballet history," played for three weeks at the mammoth Center Theatre, and Ted Shawn and his men dancers gave a cycle of three dance dramas at Carnegie Hall, thereby making Manhattan the dance center of the world for the moment.

Both ventures, unfortunately, left a great deal to be desired. The Ballet Theatre, strangely enough for a dance group, suffered from too much money at its disposal and from a penchant for choreography more spectacular than impressive. *Carnaval,* a romantic ballet in one act, with music by Schumann and choroeography by Michel Fokine, somehow seemed to destroy whatever charm the original music has by itself. Even Adolph Bolm, who played Pierrot, a role he created in 1910, seemed listless. *The Great American Goof,* by William Saroyan, with music by Henry Brant and choreography by Eugene Loring, deserves no discussion, save the remark that it was replete with Mr. Saroyan's now familiar cheapness. The most skillful choreographer and composer probably could not have saved it.

Peter and the Wolf, story and music by Prokofieff and choreography by Adolph Bolm, held considerable interest, though one must report that on the whole it failed. A Russian fairy tale, wherein the dancers play the parts of animals, it dragged on for a very long half hour. Ten years ago it might have been very successful, but the animated cartoons of the movies do the same thing enormously better. On the legitimate stage it seems pretentious.

Mr. Shawn and his men dancers had great difficulty in filling even half of Carnegie Hall, and for a very good reason. They put on a dull show. The art of the dance still has far to go before it can give meaning to such things as *Resilience, Oppositions, Solvent, Successions, Unfolding and Folding,* and *Apotheosis.* The one truly pleasing number in the Shawn recital was a dance of *The Forty Niners—Rhythm in a Goldrush Camp.* It was simple, clear and enjoyable. Further, watching a company of men dance all evening is a great strain on the average spectator, male or female. One yearns for the presence of a woman on the stage.

Emile Zola's *The Human Beast,* as directed by Jean Renoir, has had a most successful run in New York, and drawn superlatives from the newspaper film critics. To the present writer *The Human Beast,* though well worth seeing, suffers from a considerable jerkiness and monotony, and also from the indifferent acting of Simone Simon, whose ineptness for the role of Severine stands in sharp contrast to the expert acting of Jean Gabin, her film lover, and probably one of the greatest cinema artists in the twentieth century. Altogether, *The Human Beast* must be considered inferior to M. Renoir's *La Grande Illusion,* as real a war film and tender a love story as has ever been made anywhere.

Those who wish to know something of the life and trials of Mr. Renoir, son of the painter, will find an interesting article by him in a recent issue of *Life and Letters Today.* He reveals that American movies fascinated him from the first, even though the French intellectuals originally

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looked down upon them, preferring "pretentious stupidities . . . or else absolutely ridiculous Italian films." For a long time, shortly after the war he used to go to the movies "three times a day, so that before going to bed I had absorbed seven or eight films, fifty a week and nearly two hundred by the end of the month." He still did not dare enter the movies as a director, devoting himself to his craft of ceramics. Then he plunged in, putting out one flop after another. But already his basic ideas had become clear to him. "I began to realize that the movements of a woman washing or combing her hair before a mirror, or of a hawker with his barrow, were of incomparable plastic value." Which naturally led to his filming of *Nana,* in which he now finds "a certain pretentiousness." Anyway, "it was a commercial disaster. I lost every penny I had."

Because of his integrity he "had much trouble in finding work," on one occasion almost literally starving for two years. "I was known as an impossible chap, capable of subjecting the person of producers, who did not agree with me, to extreme violence." Of *La Grande Illusion, La Marseillaise, La Bête Humaine,* and other

such films of his he says: "I don't know whether they are good or bad films. That, in my humble opinion, is of no importance at all. What I do know is that I am beginning to learn how to work. I know that I am a Frenchman and that I must work in an absolutely national way. I know that by doing this, and only thus, can I reach people in other countries and work for internationalism. I know that the American film will crash because it has ceased to be American."

A WORD here about the American film, *The Grapes of Wrath,* based upon John Steinbecks's novel of the same title. It is a good picture, though it suffers heavily by comparison with the book. Much of the tenderness of the book is missing, especially the beautiful love scenes between Connie and her husband. One must, however, praise the work of Henry Fonda as Tom Joad. For that part alone Mr. Fonda will be long remembered. In England *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* brought forth as much praise as it did in the United States. The *New Statesman and Nation* likes every bit of it, and has only superlatives for the acting of James Stewart and Jean Arthur. Its following comment will interest American readers who still harbor doubts about the vitality of our democracy:

"Jefferson Smith, whose spiritual home in Washington is the Lincoln Memorial, is the symbol of the swamped, but not drowned, American tradition of democratic independence. And, after all, it is possible to talk with a certain conviction of liberty and democracy in a country which allows the cinema camera into its upper chamber to attack its procedure, to expose the corruption of some of its members, and to aim a few blows at the system itself. It will be an interesting day when our representative institutions receive the same treatment."

Theodore Alexandre Steinlen, a sample of whose excellent work appears at the beginning of this issue of *The Living Age,*

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never achieved much popularity in the United States, but in Europe, long before his death in Paris in 1923, at the age of sixty-four, he had won for himself a reputation as one of the most powerful cartoonists and illustrators of the last hundred years. At one time, in fact, his cartoons had reached such influence among the French proletariat that the government forbade the publication of some of them as "of a too revolutionary nature."

He was born in Lausanne in 1859, but at twenty-three went to Paris, where he lived pretty nearly the rest of his life. The legend has it that he was drawn to the French capital by one of Zola's novels. At once he began illustrating for the socialist and anarchist press. Twenty-four good reproductions of his work were assembled in a volume in 1912 by Brentano's, under the title of *Steinlen and His Art*. Perhaps the best and most typical are *The Children and the Rich Man's Dog, The Return From the Workhouse, The Funeral* and *Suburban Love*. The anonymous author of the introduction says: "No illustrator of our time has been more successful in the interpretation of French character and of Parisian character in particular, none more able in the delineation of its countless aspects and manifestations. Wherever his art is exercised, the result is perfect and assured." Many tried to imitate him, but none could equal him.

One of his numerous admirers was no less a person than Anatole France, who said:

"Le propre du talent de Steinlen est la sincérité. Une sincérité âpre, un peu sauvage. Dans cet art du dessin, si direct, si franc, et procédant à un trait que rien ne farde. Steinlen a trouvé son véritable et naturel language. Son crayon est si bien l'expression de son âme qu'il en suit toutes les émotions et jusqu'aux plus délicats fremissements. On peut dire que Steinlin a senti, souffert, vécu la vie des êtres qu'il nous montre vivant et souffrant."

Steinlen had the tenderness of Kate Kollwiz, the sharpness of Van Gogh, and a genuine social passion that never succumbed to the sectarianism of the conflicting radical parties. Perhaps the only American cartoonist who approached him was Robert Minor, before he began to draw Communist conclusions instead of pictures.

IN THE *Hungarian Quarterly* Stephen Ullmann offers an interesting discussion of the word goulash. Originally, he says, it meant "the kind of stew or ragout which the *gulyás,* the herdsman of the *puszta,* used to eat while his cows, the *gulya,* were grazing around him." It became a national dish in all high European society. In Germany, during the first World War, the word took on an ironical meaning when joined with baron, *Goulashbaron,* referring to one who abuses war-time restrictions as to food. In the Scandinavian languages and in Finnish *Goulashbaron* came to mean a "business man, upstart, new rich."

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Speaking of Books

By LEON BRYCE BLOCH

FOR SEVERAL weeks I had been thinking about looking at a modest book that was carefully tucked into my bottom bookshelf. I had heard of the author, and in my mind was a vagrant concept of a rather more than average college professor out at the University of California. But I frequently passed up the volume, because there were, I thought, other tomes of more immediacy—writings about the current war, about politics, about dictators, about long-dead kings or about fools.

One day, recently, a man who for me shall henceforth live among the angels said, "I see you have Professor Boodin's book. Are you going to review it?"

"I don't know," I replied too casually for his stomach, "I'll glance at it. But I smell another disappointment. The title is too imposing."

My friend said something about hoping I'd read a few lines, or words to that general effect, if I remember correctly. I can't quite remember just what he said, but his manner and tone of voice still haunt me. That is how I came to open John Elof Boodin's *The Social Mind,* and now it has gone into the "permanent collection" of my library, alongside those singular souls — Voltaire, Wunsch, Ouspensky, Powys, Eliot and others who have helped man think. Professor Boodin has in one book synthesized the social values of today.

Here is a calm, analytical survey of the dilemma into which this unthinking world has run. Professor Boodin examines the development of our technological sciences, division of labor, economic and social anarchy, the efforts of the New Deal, and all classes of our society and attempts to fit these divergent elements into a cogent whole. Evidently this is the thinking of a long lifetime.

In the first chapter, on the biological basis of society, Professor Boodin expresses in the language of twentieth century science the social ethics of Jesus of Nazareth. His cosmography stems from that of Hegel, but it is fortified by an infusion of the new chemistry. Professor Boodin, taking from chemistry facts that transcend the boundaries of a three-dimensional mathematics, reaches for those four-dimensional stars visioned by Hegel at first, then more clearly by Ouspensky and Einstein. Dealing with causation in nature Professor Boodin writes:

"It is certain that we cannot conceive causation in nature in merely mechanical terms. . . . Evolution means creation. There is more in the result than in what we abstract as the causal conditions. We must learn to look at nature as genius. The operation of genius is manifest throughout nature from the atom to human society."

In the chapter on The Law of

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Social Participation, Professor Boodin at long last says a few of the things I have been hoping someone would say about the behaviorist psychologists. If someone of Professor Boodin's stature had had the courage to shout these things fifteen years ago many of our children, now approaching adolescence, might have been spared the warping, twisting, destructive treatment inflicted by loving parents who were hypnotized by Watson and his crew of intellectual butchers.

The chapter which is tremendously important to all Americans is called The Crisis. I shan't tell you what Professor Boodin offers here other than that "it is high time for us to organize our thought for the problem of human living." He quotes Justice Brandeis' exhortation that "we need social inventions." There are too many mechanical inventions; now we must have social inventions or our civilization will perish. While admitting that this government has made greater strides toward social planning under Franklin D. Roosevelt than during any other period in our history, Professor Boodin warns that we have not gone far enough. He admonishes those who have the power to act:

"Will the privileged grasp the handwriting on the wall of destiny before it is too late? History shows that they have generally, in their selfish blindness, resisted reform until it has been too late—and then has come revolution."

It is becoming increasingly clear to even the dullest citizen in America that we cannot go on as we have in the past, and all but the very dullest will want to read and digest what this book has to offer in the way of analysis and solution. And we needn't be concerned about those who are too dull or too inert to be concerned—they will either destroy themselves or be destroyed by the monster they are conjuring up. As for the rest of us, I will repeat unto the last breath that is in me, we must think fast, and do faster, that which vanishing time yet permits us toward social planning, toward the construction of a society in which our innate restlessness can be assuaged, toward a society in which we can live a full life dependent on spiritual satisfaction rather than on ten-cent gadgets.

I am thankful that Professor Boodin has turned his attention to America, because I am convinced that America stands as the last (and most hopeful) outpost whose gates may be shored against disintegration.

AND from across the sea comes another voice shouting in the wilderness. Though not as clear, and sometimes stumbling a bit, Lancelot Hogben has written *Dangerous Thoughts*. A fellow of the Royal Society, Regius Professor of Natural History at the University of Aberdeen, and a product of Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Hogben has come to conventional socialism as a solution for his country's problems.

I'm afraid Mr. Hogben's case is rather weakened by its antiquity. Most of us in America were once impressed by the ideas he enunciates. But that was before we went to war to make the world safe for democracy.

Mr. Hogben, who became a best-seller with *Mathematics for the Millions* and later wrote *Science for the Citizen*, has done a thoughtful

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piece of work, within his limits. He starts out by telling us that "there are only two topics about which it is still dangerous to be flippant in Britain—football in England, and in Scotland the University of Oxford."

The particular label Mr. Hogben chooses for himself is "scientific humanist," and implies that he has no peers in this movement, that he stands alone, the sole mariner to reach those uncharted shores. I am sorry to be the first to bring the sad tidings that he is mistaken in this assumption.

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Furthermore I am compelled by intellectual honesty to point out to Mr. Hogben that when he says that since he has not succeeded in equipping himself "with a church which does endorse them, the views expressed in these pages may appropriately be called *Dangerous Thoughts,*" he indulges in fantasy unbecoming an objective scholar.

Perhaps some of the castigation he meets out to the English eugenists and "educated classes" may be justified. But I can't help feeling that Mr. Hogben has a tendency to attack straw men.

On the other hand he envisions Britain's real problems with insight and clarity. It is when dealing with the basic needs of humanity that Mr. Hogben speaks with serenity and authority. But when he attempts humor he lets me down. It is not only his humor to which I object, but also his epigrams, as when he says that "the straphanging multitudes of our great cities need circuses as well as bread." That is not only weak epigram, but also redundant philosophy.

THE SOCIAL MIND. *By John Elof Boodin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 593 pages. $3.50.*

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS. *By Lancelot Hogben. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1940. 283 pages. $2.75.*

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FOR WHAT DO WE FIGHT? *By Norman Angell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 327 pages. $2.50.*

THIS new volume by the Nobel Prize winner (1933) in the field of peace will irritate many English men and women, who since the appearance of *The Great Illusion,* however, have had thirty years to become hardened to his unendearing quality of being right too much of the time. Yet pleasant or unpleasant reading, it crystallizes a question that is in the minds of all men who can see that the issue is not the "destruction of Hitlerism," as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax have said, but a more equitable distribution among all peoples of the tangible and intangible wealth of the world.

Norman Angell's question is this: what reason have men to believe that British leaders are sincere in saying that they are fighting for the freedom of nations everywhere? They said that in the World War, and one of the sequels of that conflict was a British policy very nearly antipodal to the principle of "freedom of nations everywhere." The author takes pains to recall (should the reader forget) that this principle in recent times had been repudiated explicitly by a coterie of prominent Englishmen that included Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Simon, Lord Elton, Lord Lloyd, J. A. Spender, J. L. Garvin, Lord Runciman, Dean Inge, and others whose responsibility for and influence upon British foreign policy cannot be dismissed. Not many months ago they held the view that aggression had no absolute meaning: if invasion abroad imperiled in some vital and material way the interests of the Empire, then it qualified as aggression, and must be resisted; otherwise (as apparently in the case of China, Austria, Ethiopia, Spain and Czechoslovakia) it was not aggression, at least so far as Britain was concerned. The invasion of Poland last September unquestionably imperiled the future existence of Britain and France, and in consequence thereof they declared war on Germany. Norman Angell believes that Britain has also been moved on this occasion by principles of abstract morality, but he wants England not to delude herself nor her leaders to delude themselves. Abstract morality as well as practical justice must dictate the moves of the next peace conference. And he adds:

"We cannot and ought not to state our peace terms in the sense of indicating what the future frontiers of (say) Poland or Czechoslovakia, or the future relationship of Austria to the Reich, are to be. But we can, and should indicate, the nature of that 'new international order,' of which both the Premier and the Foreign Secretary have spoken. We can do this best, and give earnest of our sincerity, by *acts;* by initiat-

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ing the federal unity of Europe in so developing our own relations with France as to bring about a virtual Franco-British Federal Union; and by throwing our Empire open to the world on equal terms with ourselves *now,* by offering to give neutrals (e.g. Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium) the same economic position in the Empire as that occupied by the Dominions. This would be the best answer to the charge that we (Britain and the other Dominions) are waging war to retain imperialist monopolies, excluding others from 'living-space.'"

The writer observes elsewhere that it is of the utmost importance that Britain's sincerity in wanting a new order is believed by the United States, implying that some degree of participation by this country in the conflict may become imperative if the Allies are to survive. "That assurance can only carry conviction to the degree that we show (a) that it is to our interest to establish as a permanent feature of European life that principle for which we now fight, and (b) that we are at long last, in contrast to our past behavior, realizing that such is our interest."

Norman Angell is too knowing and too bitterly informed of the backstage manipulations of the League of Nations, over a period of twenty years, to close an inquiry that is rich in trenchant writing with a cure-all. Others can do that: he has devoted a fifth of a century to bolstering the League and to mannerly shouting that there was (and is) nothing amiss with Geneva, save its members. He asks for federation now, as does Clarence Streit, but above all he wants a "popular understanding" of what that entails at this moment, while the war is continuing. Unless there is widespread understanding and appreciation of the potentialities of federation of the democracies *before* the peace conference, Norman Angell suspects nothing can stop the French from realizing their plan to break up Germany into impotent States. The pressing necessity is to "popularize" the need of unity now, and make a second Versailles impossible.

"There are many ways in which we in Europe may achieve our necessary unity," he writes in conclusion. "The way is less important than the will. And the will depends upon the plain man seeing clearly the need for this one foundation to the house of Europe and mankind. Truly the foundation is not the house; but without such foundation no house can stand, and shelter us from the storms which threaten us with such misery and torment."

Obviously compulsory reading, especially if some of the circumlocutory pronouncements of Messrs. Chamberlain, Halifax and Churchill have you on the ropes.

—LAMAR MIDDLETON

I CONFESS *By Benjamin Gitlow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 611 pages. Index. $3.75.*

POSSIBLY more vituperation but certainly no greater moral indignation was ever expressed by American members of Stalin's legion, than against Ben Gitlow, author of the most revealing book on the Communist movement in America.

Max Eastman, Trotsky and those of the latter's admirers who survive have been called everything under the sun, "gangsters of the pen" being one of the least indelicate expressions suggested for use by *The Daily Worker,* though the label, "ally of Hitler," has recently been dropped from the vocabulary of invectives for obvious reasons.

In the Communist press Gitlow is called a traitor and stool pigeon because, having finally recognized that his former comrades betrayed all the original ideals they professed, he reveals them in *I Confess* as stool pigeons against each other. Gitlow "tells all" as no one else but he can, since he was one of the leaders of the American Communist party during the first ten years of its existence, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Communist International of Moscow. Facts always indignantly denied, though generally known, if not proved, are described by him without reserve. How an American Presidential candidate and the whole Communist party were financed in Russia, while money was collected here for the starving peasants, is told without punch-pulling. Thus:

"I returned from Moscow to attend the 1928 Presidential nominating convention of the party, with five thousand dollars of Russian money in my jeans, as the first installment of Moscow's contribution of $35,000 to our Presidential campaign. That in turn was part of the quarter million dollars we used to

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receive annually under special grants for specific purposes. For our 1924 Presidential campaign Moscow had contributed $50,000. Having started *The Daily Worker* on its career with an initial donation of $35,000, Moscow has continued to feed into that hopper never less than that sum annually."

Gitlow does not lack humor. After returning from Moscow, where the future Communist President of the United States was selected, he tells how the comrades in New York called a nominating convention in imitation of such conventions as held by the Republicans and Democrats, although the candidate had been decided upon many months before. At that convention Foster was nominated. Gitlow writes:

"Comrades shrieked and bellowed, blew their tin horns, jumped on tables and stamped with their feet. Snake dances were organized and bedlam reigned supreme. In this way we served notice upon the United States that we were an American party and were nominating our candidates in the traditional American manner."

Gifted with extraordinary memory—or is it a good collection of documents and notes? —he tells all the intrigue, double-crossing, corruption and betrayal within the party; he describes in most minute detail the internal struggles among the Ruthenberg, Lovestone, Foster factions, squabbles long forgotten even by the present members of the party but of interest to the future historian.

—STEPHEN NAFT

THE SURVIVING WORKS OF SHARAKU. *By Harold G. Henderson and Louis V. Ledoux. New York: E. Weyhe, for the Society for Japanese Studies. 1940. 337 pages, including reproductions of all known works of Sharaku. $4.50.*

DESIGNED to accompany exhibitions at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Art Institute of Chicago and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, this volume was compiled by a committee of the Society for Japanese Studies, including Helen C. Gunsaulus, Harold G. Henderson, Louis V. Ledoux, Kojiro Tomita, Langdon Warner and Monroe Wheeler. For lovers of Japanese prints, this is a fascinating book concerning one of the most mysterious of all artists. The monograph is composed of reproductions of the 136 known works of Sharaku. Unfortunately they are not in color, but that can be forgiven when one realizes the tremendous cost color reproductions would have involved.

Prior to 1794, when Sharaku seems to have done all his work, the artist was a man of mystery, and no one has ever been able to uncover anything concerning the "blank years" that preceded his sudden and violent burst of creative activity, for the reason that his name remained practically unknown in Japan and completely disregarded until it was forcibly called to the attention of his countrymen by the growth of his fame in Europe. In 1910 Dr. Julius Kurth, a German enthusiast, published the first book on Sharaku in any language and succeeded in listing about seventy subjects, of which he was able to reproduce fifty-seven. From that time on Sharaku became a sort of legend. It is known that Sharaku, who in private life was Saito Jurobei, was a *No*, or classical, dancer in the service of the Hachichuka family, and that he lived with their retainers in Edo (Tokyo). But nothing else seems to be known about him, although his works grow in fame. Most Western critics have considered the artist's satiric portraits of the popular theatrical idols of his time as classics. The great mystery surrounding the man seems to concern the thought that both the actors themselves, with their vanity, and the public who adored them, were so offended by Sharaku's fierce delineations, that he was forced to cease making prints, after not more than about three years of activity, and compelled to spend the remainder of his life in obscurity. He is believed to have died in 1801, six years after he ended his creative period. As a history of Japanese plays, actors and the roles they represented, this is an invaluable book.

—WALKER G. MATHESON

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CHINA AT WAR. *By Freda Utley. New York: John Day. 1940. 300 pages. $3.75.*

Looking at the Sino-Japanese war through red-tinted glasses, Freda Utley sounds a warning to the Occident, particularly to the United States and Great Britain, that Japan's war aims are to exclude Westerners from China, and she follows the all-too-familiar line of the left-wing press which, up until the time of the invasion of Finland by Russia, was waging an hysterical campaign against aggressors, particularly Germany, Italy and Japan. Although the author denies that she is a Communist (she says on page seventy-four that she has "left the party") her reporting and her reasoning follow the pre-war Moscow line. Like most publicists, many of them British, the author lumps all the foreign investments in China, ignoring the enormous disparity in volume between the interests of the Americans and the British, so that American readers are told the tale that the United States' stakes in China are enormous (which they aren't, being a bare tenth of Great Britain's) and must be protected at all costs against Japan.

FINLAND: LAND OF HEROES. *By Toivo Rosvall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1940. 272 pages, with 23 illustrations and end-paper maps by Tibor Gerley.*

Mr. Rosvall's book sketches in seven chapters the people, landscape and life of the Finnish folk. Despite what one might suppose from its title, *Finland: Land of Heroes* does not deal particularly with the traditional battle time heroism of Finnish arms, so well exemplified on the Mannerheim Line. Rather, it depicts the heroism of simple people against fierce odds of the day-by-day elements of climate and soil. Each of the seven chapters of the book develops a different phase of Finnish life and lore as typified in each of seven different regions of the country. In this way, the author has managed to impart coherence to a wide variety of entertaining items. Thus, in the first chapter, *Always Yesterday,* 700-year old Turku, early Episcopal seat of Finland, serves as the core for comment on the modern city and its suburbs, the rough and ready methods of Finland's pioneer Christian saints, animated thumbnail biographies of local who's who, a number of passages of sheer literature on wayside observations, and early migrations of the Finns. Subsequent chapters have their locale in Viipuri, Mikkeli, Rovaniemi, Helsinki, Tampere, Rauma.

As an introductory close-up of Finland, this timely book is competently done. The illustrations by Tibor Gerley are typical and therefore appropriate, though rather more severe in style than the Rosvall text.

THROUGH CHINA'S WALL. *By Graham Peck. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1940. 371 pages. $3.50.*

Less concerned about war, power politics and the inhumanities, Graham Peck penetrated 300 miles into the vast and forbidden Gobi Desert to seek out what lay behind the headlines. He lived with a Mongol family for six weeks, although Mongolia was officially closed to foreigners, and has drawn exquisite pictures of the people, the countryside and the customs. He was living in what he called "'a lost world" until the freezing cold and snows came to Mongolia. Then Peck left for Szechuan Province, now the center of what is called Free China, and travelled to the Tibetan border to etch the tribespeople. His locale then changes to the present capital, Chungking, by way of a sampan, and the sketches of the river gorges contained in the book are breathtaking. With exquisite drawings on nearly every page and a middle section of fourteen portrait lithographs, *Through China's Wall* is good entertainment for armchair globe-trotters.

HUMANE ENDEAVOUR. *By Haldore Hanson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 386 pages. $2.50.*

Without much hope of finding a job in the United States after his graduation from the University of Minnesota, in 1934, Haldore Hanson borrowed $125, rode a freight train to San Francisco and stowed away on a Japanese boat, bound for adventure in the so-called "mysterious East." The result is one of the liveliest reporting jobs to date on the Sino-Japanese war, because, after Hanson had stayed in Japan a short while and finally drifted to Peking, he had the opportunity to become a free-lance journalist and was travelling about the country when the present hostilities began. That was the beginning of his weird adventures with the Chinese

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guerillas, who intrigued the writer, and he frankly reports what he saw behind the guerilla lines without the embellishment of non-journalistic writers. His observations appear fair and sound and, because of an earlier visit to Japan, he seems to have gotten on better than most Westerners with the Japanese officers and soldiers when he was on their side of the fighting line. His conclusions are that China's indifference to time and an age-long patience enable the Chinese to talk calmly of a twenty-five-year war, and that China was pinning great faith on the aid of Russia as a final factor in the peace. Worth reading.

PERIOD PIECE—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. *By Jenny Ballou. Houghton-Mifflin Company. 1940. 287 pages. $3.00.*

Biography of the "poetess of passion" whose sonorous platitudes captured middle-class America at the turn of the century. From a Wisconsin farm girl, Ella Wheeler Wilcox rose to be a star of Hearst's syndicate. Her personality—vain, dramatic, sentimental, is developed in detail, but the author's interpretation of her times and her contemporaries is not very illuminating. The poetess' own talent seems too unimportant to support the author's thesis that the search for success kept writers of the period from honest probing into the issues of their times.

JAPAN AMONG THE GREAT POWERS. *By Dr. Seiji Hishida. New York: Longmans Green. 1940. 389 pages. $3.50.*

From the standpoint of students of Far Eastern affairs, Dr. Hishida's book is a comprehensive survey of Japan's international relations that may serve as a standard work on the diplomatic history of Japan. Starting well before the Christian era with the earliest known facts, the author gives a rapid account of Japan's foreign contacts up to 1858, when Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris succeeded in reopening the hermit empire to world trade. From then on, Japan's emergence from international seclusion and her rise to the rank of a major power within the short space of seventy-five years—a feat unparalleled in history—is traced in chronological order. Dr. Hishida, who has had an active career in the field of international relations after completing his education in Europe and in America, where he studied under John Bassett Moore at Columbia, examines Japan's diplomatic relations and Japanese objectives against a thorough background of geographic, political, economic, military and cultural forces, fortifying his historical interpretations by official documents and other authoritative sources, many hitherto unknown to the Western world. Dr. Hishida says that multipartite agreements, such as League Covenants and similar pacts, have proven unworkable in both Europe and Asia as preventives of war. His conclusion, therefore, is that the only alternative is the promotion of reconciliation and understanding among the great powers on the basis of an equality of rights, through direct diplomatic negotiations. With this as his thesis, Dr. Hishida insists that through such means East and West, though differing in race and culture, can meet harmonically.

POETS AND POETRY

Disintegration and Music

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE DISINTEGRATION of modern society has been set to noble and witty music by W. H. Auden, the most brilliant of the younger English poets. After the fatuous complacency and bucolic flutings of the average Georgian poet, the work of Auden and his fellows is like the proverbial "shot in the arm," and one is drawn to the conclusion that the pessimist these days is a healthier man than the optimistic escapist. Auden's new book, *Another Time,* has the drive and energy, the running rhythm, the robust attack on civilized sham, and the instinct for lightness and the music halls that marked his earlier volumes. A good many good people deplore the descent

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into vaudeville and the influence of American jazz. A *Times* reviewer has even gone so far as to shudder at the colonization of Britain by American ideas instead of the further colonizing of the thirteen, or rather the forty-eight states, by the mother of us all. But Auden wrote jazz before his advent on American soil—notably in his play, *The Dance of Death*—and the jazz, for the most part, is better than our own, for the simple reason that a tragic note is struck behind the foolery. There are several poems which should not have been issued, which sound rather glib and give Auden's detractors a handle for calling him prolific. What with all the travelling, the Icelandic and Chinese diaries, the poems and plays, the lectures and articles, there is bound to be a certain amount of waste energy. But this is a minor fault in an otherwise blooming energy that has depth and a certain awareness at every turn. And *Another Time* reveals a new note of tenderness, a mature appraisal of love in an otherwise crumbling world.

And what a curious world is a world that contains Oscar Williams! Here, after an absence of sixteen years from printer's ink, a man, who buried himself among the glories of advertising, returns with a book called *The Man Coming Toward You*: an amazing performance which places a fellow of forty among the members of the younger generation, the adventurers of the subconscious, the discoverers of surrealism. But as Oscar Williams says: "What do I know of poetry among so many definitions?" The book is a ferocious jeremiad against the hells and fakes and injustice of a machine age and gains much of its dramatic effect through the unexpected juxtaposition of human and inhuman elements, and through the use of what the academician will condemn as mixed metaphors. It is in these mixed metaphors that one is reminded of surrealism. But this work is not the work of any one school: It sets forth the soul and the striving of a single man amid the horrors of a decadent period and it does so (as in Auden) with a robust orchestration. Despite his occasional obscurity, Williams is the most quotable of the younger poets: He is able to catch whole systems in a dynamic phrase or line. Here are a few examples which give the texture and trend of the whole volume. "Somebody is committing the daily commonplace of dying." "We button the day against the threatening sky." "There is no safety from bad taste and scarcely any from the age." "The nation fitfully turning in its frightful sleep." "Nor sew on the coat of the coward the brocade of the brave." "The brain sitting like a spider within the web of the hair." "There are death's-heads of the subconscious at the feet of the ideal." "This undoubtedly is life, and there isn't a soul that wants it that way." "Whatever we die of we shall never die of compassion." "Ours is a last

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supper, without disciples." "The well-fed beast from nowhere takes the floor." And finally, as a kind of program against disintegration: "And the daily work of righting wrong unlooses the music that floats our sun."

The book is divided into four parts, Yesterday, Intermission, Today, Tomorrow, and is not alone the poetic autobiography of a valiant American, but the biography or history of an age which threatens to stifle the creative spirit. There is just time and space to add that the work was recommended for publication by W. H. Auden and that these two volumes, *Another Time* and *The Man Coming Toward You,* belong on every shelf that rides and hopes to override the storms of social stupidity.

ANOTHER TIME. *By W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 1939. 114 pages. $2.00.*

THE MAN COMING TOWARD YOU. *By Oscar Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.*

BOOKS ABROAD

THE DREAM

MARIE CORELLI: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BEST SELLER. *By George Bullock. London: Constable. 1940.*

(Virginia Woolf in *The Listener,* London)

THIS is a depressing book. It leaves one with a feeling not of humiliation, that is too strong a word, nor of disgust, that is too strong also. It makes us feel—it is to Mr. Bullock's credit as a biographer—that we have been watching a stout white dog performing tricks in front of an audience which eggs it on, but at the same time jeers. There is nothing in the life and death of a best seller that need cause us this queasiness. The lives of those glorious geese, Florence Barclay and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, can be

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read without a blush for them or for ourselves. They were performers too—conjurors who tumbled bank notes, billiard balls, fluttering pigeons out of very seedy hats. But they lived, and they lived with such gusto that no one can fail to share it. With Marie Corelli it was different.

Her life began with a trick and rather a shady trick. The editor of the *Illustrated London News,* a married man, "wandering round Stratford-on-Avon church" fell in love with a woman. That bald statement must be draped. Dr. Mackay committed an immoral act with a female who was not of his own social standing. "This unwelcome flowering of his lighter moments," as Mr. Bullock puts it—Corelliism is catching—was a child. But she was not called Marie and she was not called Corelli. Those were names that she invented later to drape the fact. Most of her childhood was spent draping facts in the "Dream Hole," a mossy retreat in a dell at Box Hill. Sometimes George Meredith appeared for a moment among the tendrils. But she never saw him. Wrapped in what she called later "the flitting phantasmagoria of the universal dream" she saw only one person—herself. And that self, sometimes called Thelma, sometimes Mavis Clare, draped in white satin, hung with pure lilies, and exhibited twice a year in stout volumes for which the public paid her ten thousand pounds apiece, is as damning an indictment of Victorian taste in one way as the Albert Memorial is in another. Of those two excrescences, perhaps that which we call Marie Corelli is the more painful. It was not her fault; society blew that golden bubble, as Miss Corelli herself might have written, from the black seed of shame. She was ashamed of her mother. She was ashamed of her birth. She was ashamed of her face, of her accent, of her poverty. Most girls, as empty-headed and commonplace as she was, would have shared her shame, but they would have hidden it—under the table cloth, behind the chiffonier. But nature had endowed her with a prodigious power of making public confession of this small ignoble vice. Instead of hiding herself, she exposed herself. From her earliest days she had a rage for publicity. "I'll be 'somebody,'" she told her governess. "I'll be as unlike anybody else as I can!" "That would hardly be wise," said Miss Knox placidly. "You would then be

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called eccentric." But Miss Knox need not have been afraid. Marie Corelli did not wish to be unlike anybody else; she wanted to be as like everybody else in general and the British aristocracy in particular as it was possible to be. But to attain that object she had only one weapon—the dream. Dreams, apparently, if made of the right material, can be astonishingly effective. She dreamt so hard, she dreamt so efficiently, that with two exceptions all her dreams came true. Not even Marie Corelli could dream her shifty half-brother into the greatest of English poets, though she worked hard to "get him made Poet Laureate," or transform her very dubious father into an eminent Victorian man of letters. All that she could do for Dr. Mackay was to engage the Caledonian pipers to play at his funeral and to postpone that function from a foggy day to a fine one in order that his last appearance might be given full publicity. Otherwise all her dreams materialized. Ponies, motor-cars, dresses, houses furnished "like the tea lounge at the Earl's Court Exhibition," gondolas, expensively-bound editions of Shakespeare—all were hers. Checks accumulated. Invitations showered. The Prince of Wales held her hand in his. "Out of small things what wonders rise," he murmured. Gladstone called on her and stayed for two hours. *"Ardath,"* he is reported to have said, "is a magnificent conception." On Easter Sunday the Dean of Westminster quoted *Barabbas* from the pulpit. No words, the Dean said, could be more beautiful. Rostand translated her novels. The whole audience at Stratford-on-Avon rose to its feet when she came into the theater.

All her dreams came true. But it was the dream that killed her. For inside that ever-thickening carapace of solid dream the commonplace vigorous little woman gradually ceased to live. She became harder, duller, more prudish, more conventional; and at the same time more envious and more uneasy. The only remedy that revived her was publicity. And like other drug-takers she could only live by increasing the dose. Her tricks became more and more extravagant. On May Day she drove through the streets behind ponies wreathed in flowers; she floated down the Avon in a gondola called *The Dream* with a real gondolier in a scarlet sash. The press resounded with her lawsuits, her angry

NEXT ISSUE: TRAVEL

The Living Age in May will in addition to its usual informative material present special travel material. There will be realistic descriptions of where to go for a short holiday, tours to the Caribbean, Mexico, Hawaii, Alaska and the continental United States. Complete details of what the tourist will see, how much the various tours cost and where to find the best entertainment will be some of the features of this unusual issue.

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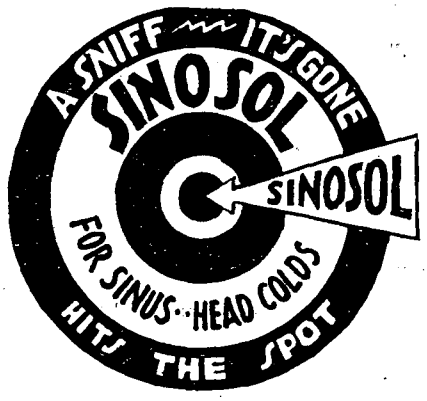

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letters, her speeches. And then even the Press turned nasty. They gave full publicity to the fact that she had been caught hoarding sugar.

For her there is some excuse. But how are we to excuse the audience that applauded the exhibition? Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone can be excepted. The taste of the highly exalted is apt to become dropsical. And there is excuse for "the million" as Marie Corelli called them—if her books saved one workingman from suicide, or allowed a dressmaker's drudge here and there to dream that she, too, was Thelma or Mavis Clare; there were no films then to sustain them with plush and glow and rapture after the day's work. But what are we to say of Oscar Wilde? His compliments may have been ambiguous; but he paid them, and he printed her stories. And what are we to say of the great ladies of her adored aristocracy? "She is a common little thing," one of them remarked.

But no lunch or dinner party was complete without her. And what are we to say of the press that levelled all its cameras at the stout ugly old woman who was ashamed of her face; and because she was ashamed of her birth, "got busy" about the mother—was her name Cody, or was it Kirtland?—was she a bricklayer's daughter or an Italian countess?—who had borne this illegitimate child?

But though it would be a relief to end in a burst of righteous indignation, the worst of this book is that it provokes no such glow, but only the queasiness with which we watch a decked-up dog performing rather ordinary tricks. It is a relief when the performance is over.

Only, unfortunately, that is not altogether the fact. For still at Stratford-on-Avon Mason Croft is kept precisely as it was when Marie Corelli lived there. There is the silver ink pot still full of ink as she left it; the hands of the clock still point to 7:15 as they did when she died; all her manuscripts are carefully preserved under glass cases; and "the large empty bed, covered with a heavy white quilt, which is more awe-inspiring than a corpse, as a scarcely clothed dancer excites more than does a nude" awaits the dreamer. So Stratford-on-Avon, along with other relics, preserves a lasting monument to the taste of the Victorian age.

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